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CHAPTER XVI.

BROADWATER'S PROPOSAL.

HAD we been a large ship full of passengers, such an astonishing sight as a silver arch, self-luminous, yet without power to pale the close-lying stars, spanning a space of the midnight waters and resembling nothing, as I then supposed, ever seen south of the polar verge of the temperate parallels north of the equator, would have given us enough to talk about to serve to the end of the voyage. But wonderment is brief when its sphere of diffusion is slender. Miss Grant and I talked the subject out promptly, and then there was nobody left to say more about it. Broadwater, it is true, at breakfast next morning persisted in declaring that it was a lunar rainbow; though, had he stuck to his first notion that it was a luminous mist, I am not sure that his guess would have been far out.

"How are you going to get a lunar rainbow without the moon?" I said.

"Who says that it *is* to be got?" he answered. "The moon's always somewhere about, I suppose; and why shouldn't she be able to chuck one of them appearances upon the sky when she's out of sight, just as she do when she's within view of the eye? There's no call for her to be overhead for shows of that kind to happen. I once see a beautiful rainbow, right over our mastheads, a full half-hour

after the sun had gone down. You may depend upon it that there arch last night was a lunar rainbow."

I liked him too little to argue with him, lover as I am of the absurd ideas of stupid, prejudiced, ignorant old sailors. Besides, the thing was a phenomenon not to be explained by anybody aboard that brig at all events, and to be accepted therefore as one of the many thrilling and beautiful mysteries of old ocean's sombre or sunlit solitudes.

I was not, however, a little surprised to find that what I had deemed the mere passing influence of the apparition upon the spirits of Gordon continued to weigh upon him. This was made apparent when Broadwater, after favouring us with his views on the subject of lunar rainbows and other atmospheric effects, most of which were no doubt coloured by the bottle of rum through which he had inspected them, went on deck that the mate might get his breakfast.

"Have any of the hands turned green since last night, Mr. Gordon?" said I.

"No, sir," he answered. "Most of 'em jumped below, I hear; t'others dodged the sheen. They reckoned upon some of them showing blighted though, when daylight came along; and if the watch had turned out blue, let alone *green*, hang me, Mr. Musgrave!" he exclaimed, hitting the table with the handle of his knife to emphasize his language, "if I for one

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should have been surprised, for never did a more scaring sight arise before the eyes of a sailor."

His subdued and dejected manner was more striking than his words. I glanced at Miss Grant, whose fine eyes full of thought were fastened upon his face.

"The fancy amongst the men," she exclaimed, "must have arisen from the old belief that the shining of the moon full on the face of a sleeper distorts the features, and puts an ugly colour into the complexion. The arch looked like moonshine, and I suppose the sight made the men so nervous that it was enough for one of them to hint at anything alarming to terrify the whole."

"I wish I'd never seen it," he exclaimed; "it's done me no good, miss."

"But surely," cried I, wondering at him, for his had always seemed to me as prosaic a mind as ever I met with in a sailor—nor could I forget his ridicule of the superstitious craze of the man who had drowned himself in the English Channel,—“you do not want yourself to believe that there is anything in a mere body of luminous vapour, to call it so, to hurt or influence you, either in body or mind?”

He shook his head very despondently: I observed that he ate little, though he drank a quantity of tea, thirstily and feverishly. “I’m a poor man, sir,” he exclaimed, “but, so help me Heaven, Mr. Musgrave, I’d gladly have parted with every shilling of my savings sooner than that the capt’n should have headed the brig slick into that shining. Beg your pardon, miss,” he continued, addressing Miss Grant with a sudden eagerness, “but when ye entered that light did it feel cold to ye?”

“No,” she answered, without exhibiting surprise at the question.

“You, Mr. Musgrave—did it feel chilly like? not so much upon your skin as here?” and he put his hand to his heart.

“The only sensation I can recollect,”

I answered, “is one of delight at the glorious picture the brig made, as she slowly floated into the radiance out of the blackness, coating herself with the quicksilver of it from the truck to the end of the swinging boom.”

He was silent, then shook his head, and exclaimed, “Well, mere fancy, no doubt. It’s all fancy in this here world. Without imagination there’d be nothing to hope for, nothing to be afraid of.”

“There might have been a chill in the light, though we enjoyed the picture too much to be conscious of it,” said Miss Grant, talking to me though speaking at Gordon.

“The strangest part of it was this, miss,” he said, looking at her earnestly, “I felt it was cold afore we entered it. ’Twas that which made me so earnest the capt’n should shift the hellum. I knew so soon as ever I came in contact with that light the bleakness of it would catch me here,” again putting his hand to his heart, “and I’d have given all I’m worth—all I’m worth,” the poor fellow cried, with a vehemence unusual in him, “to have escaped it. Up to the moment when the light had slided within a foot of me I’d no sensation but the fear of what was a-coming; but the moment it touched me I felt the chill. There was death in it, sir, there was death in it! No man’ll ever persuade me contrary-wise.”

He checked what I was about to say by rising with an apologetic glance at the skylight, to let us know he could linger no longer, and immediately went on deck.

I had so much faith in the steadiness of Gordon’s intellect that I could only accept this odd posture in him as due to some trifling functional derangement, which a dose of physic or a few hours’ rest would correct. Yet it gave Miss Grant and me something to talk about. I had some knowledge of sailors and their superstitions, and kept her amused for an hour or two with stories of wizards of Finnish origin, who sold favourable gales of

wind to credulous mariners; of bald human heads, with little laughing black eyes and capacious grinning mouths, rising to the surface, and terrifying Jack by asking questions in a tongue unknown to any nation under the stars, and then disappearing with a shriek of derisive laughter; of ghostly shapes alighting on the yard-arms, and kindling corpse-lights there, by whose dismal illumination the mariner could see phantom faces glimmering out into expressions of sorrow and remorse, as though grieving over the fateful missions on which they had been despatched.

However, though I had no sympathy with the queer notions which had come into Gordon's head, my own misgivings were of a kind which might very well have passed for a sort of superstition too; for they kept me incessantly foreboding disaster, though what form it was to take I never could have imagined; and so, as you will see, the mate's despondency in its way was no more deserving of ridicule than mine. First of all, I was more troubled than I was perhaps conscious of by the recollection of the murder that had been committed. It worried me mostly of nights; again and again in the darkness of my cabin, and in the silence of the long watches, when the brig was sailing smoothly forwards, and all was still upon the sea, when nothing broke upon the ear but the muffled washing of water outside, and the faint jar and creak of the fabric within, the vision of the mate as I saw him when he stood at the foot of the companion-steps with the grin of death in his moving and speechless lips, his right hand extended, his left hand dabbling in his shirt that was soaked, where his fingers pressed, with the life-blood draining from his heart, would rise before me horribly distinct, and keep me rolling and tumbling in my bunk, till more than once it ended in my jumping up, lighting the lamp, and clothing myself, and killing a couple of sleepless hours with pipes of tobacco and a drain or two from

the private stock in the next cabin. Then again, as I have before said, it was a cause of no small consternation to me, secret as the emotion was, to feel that the man who had committed this murder moved freely about the ship, enjoying his liberty and the protection of the crew, and had all necessary leisure besides to converse with the men, and to influence them to any purpose he might have in his mind. Indeed I formed a darker opinion of the sailors from their willing association with the ruffian, and the jokes I would hear them exchanging with him, than from any other sort of conduct I had as yet witnessed in them. It was un-English—a harsh, bad, jarring note in the rough and rude harmony of British fore-castle-life; and this feature of our shipboard existence was the uglier to my mind for the man being a foreigner. Such half-bloods as this Charles, at best, are a people alongside whom our Jacks do not much care to sling their hammocks nor eat out of the same kid with; but in addition to this man's deformity of breed was his proved quality as a "knifer"—a characteristic unpleasantly common to those skins, and half the secret at least of the aversion they inspire in English crews. Detestable as B. the well had been as a man, the crime of his murder was more to be abhorred even than he; and I say it worked in me like a superstition to see his assassin coming and going about the decks, fetching his meals from the caboose along with the others, singing out at the ropes, or hailing from aloft in the voice of a lively hearty—but always with the same sharp, stabbing gleam in his eyes whenever he turned them upon Broadwater—and making a part of the brig's honest routine, when his proper lodging was the fore-peak, his fit equipment the bilboes, and his rightful condition the completest practicable isolation from his shipmates.

These and twenty more such thoughts were in my mind after Miss Grant had withdrawn to her berth, and while I

remained alone watching the shambling figure of the cabin-boy stripping the cabin-table, with a hungry goggling of his eyes at the remains of the meal as he staggered up the hatchway with the dishes. I was mechanically rolling a cigar between my fingers, with the intention of lighting it and going on deck, when Broadwater came below. I supposed he would pass to his cabin, for, now that he divided the look-out with Gordon, he was very punctual in going to bed when it came to his turn to quit the deck. Instead, he halted, took a survey of the cabin as if to make sure that we were alone, and then came and sat down near me.

"Mr. Musgrave," said he, speaking with hesitation and awkwardly, "I knew that you was at sea as a youth, sir; but I wasn't aware, till Mr. Gordon just now told me, that you considered yourself equal to taking charge of the deck and navigating a craft."

I looked at him, wondering what was in his mind.

"I hope," he continued, "you'll find nothing offensive in what I'm about to observe. The fact's this. Now that my mate's overboard, there's no man but me in this here brig, barring yourself, with knowledge enough of the quadrant to know what part to put his eye at, if so be he should need to use it. Now, if I should fall sick, who is there, unless it be you, sir, who'd be able to carry on the navigation of this here brig? Gordon tells me that you yourself said to him a short while ago you'd be willing, if asked, to take a mate's berth aboard of me. Now, Mr. Musgrave, what d'ye say? Gordon's agreeable to fall back into his old *spear*, and if you'll take his place as mate, sir, I should be glad, very glad indeed; though of course I won't say nothing about remuneration, that being a matter you might afterwards settle with the owner."

"I am obliged to you for your offer," said I. "I certainly did say something to Gordon about being willing to lend

a hand in the navigation of the brig, should my services in that way ever be required; but as to taking a post of command over your crew—" I shook my head. "I don't like their attitude. I don't like the idea of your mate's murderer being at large; I don't like to think that there's any body of English sailors who can not only protect but remain friends with a half-blood, a foreign miscreant, whose knife, in my humble opinion, is as ready for another man's heart as it was for Mr. Bothwell's."

"Ay," said he hoarsely, leaning towards me with a look at the skylight, and then at the hatch, "that's just it. Ye've hit it true as a hair. It's more because I want to feel that we're stronger than we are aft than because I may fall sick that I'd be glad to see you mate, first or second, as you may elect. I don't mind telling you," he continued, in the same hoarse, subdued voice, and with another look up and around, "that the aspect of the present biling don't sit pleasingly upon my eyes, sir. Ye heard what Gordon said that night of the murder, when he came down—how the half-blood 'ud do for me, too, if I didn't keep a bright look-out. Well, I tell you, I've learnt to fear that man. I don't like his looks. I met his eye just now, and it was like the snap of a musket at me. I haven't said much about it, in fact I haven't said anything; and maybe it's weighed the more upon me 'cause I kept myself shut up on the subject. But it's a long way to Rio yet, sir, and my fear of what that man's capable of is a weight that I must chuck over the side somehow or other. My notion is, then, that if you took the mate's berth the men 'ud like it, you being a gentleman. They'd feel your influence after a bit, and by expressing of your feelings to them in the sort of language that my neglected education as a boy keeps me as a man a-falling short of, they might grow ashamed of their protection of the half-blood, and be willing to let us clap him in irons,

when of course I should be able to sleep sound again, and enjoy my meals with the old satisfaction."

He looked at me with a mixture of eagerness and cunning in his little eyes. I did not need to reflect, for whilst he had been speaking I had made up my mind.

"I thank you for your good opinion of me," said I; "I cannot accept any such post as you propose. 'Twas a mere fancy tossed to the bo'sun in the course of a talk, with no wish or resolution in it at all; but, though I decline your offer, you will of course understand that I am quite prepared to support you in any time of trouble; always presuming," I added significantly, "that the authority you exercise, but which may be resisted, is fair, legitimate, and consistent with regular sea-duties."

"Have ye got any weapons of your own?" he asked, with another look up and around.

"Yes," I answered.

"What are they, sir?"

"A brace of pistols," said I.

"Any ammunition?"

"Ay," I replied, smiling, "enough to send ten times the number of your crew to their account."

"That's all right," said he; "I am armed, too, armed enough to be able to sarve out what's needful to Gordon, and to have enough left for myself and more, if we can get others to help us. Would you mind doing this, sir?—get in with the men in a proper sort of condescending way, so as there could be nothing bemeaning in the thing to a gent of your spirit, and find out if there's e'er a man forward who is to be trusted to stand by and look on, should you and me and Gordon arrange to rush the job."

"I don't fully understand," said I.

"Well, I'll tell ye," he exclaimed, with his eyes very full of cunning and eagerness. "The notion that's come into my head's this: if we could count on so many of the men standing aloof, should it come to a *meltee*, then for the safety of all consarned I should

propose that you and me and Gordon should arm ourselves, have the hand-cuffs ready, fall upon and secure the half-blood when no man could suspect our intentions, drag him aft and lock him up down here, and with our pistols keep any of the crew off who should attempt a rescue."

"The scheme is practicable," said I, after a little, "but it requires consideration. At the first sight I don't half like it. I see your difficulty—I clearly perceive that unless this half-blood be secured and removed from all intercourse with the crew, diabolical mischief may follow. I realize this: that at one end of the ship is a murderer, at the other end a man who is only waiting to get him to Rio to hang him." He nodded vehemently. "He knows that, and the question is, is he going to give you the chance to hang him?"

"That's the question!" he cried, bringing his fist down heavily upon the table.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and it has haunted me pretty smartly of late, I can assure you. But, on the other hand, a *meltee*, as you call it—this project of seizing the half-blood and threatening the sailors with our small-arms—might, indeed it *would*, end in rank, staring, hellish mutiny. What then would you do? There are but three of us against the whole ship's company. The safety of the lady who is on board this vessel under my protection is my first consideration. It would be a poor look-out to set fire to a ship in order to get rid of a rat. It would be an equally poor look-out to excite the men into wild revolt against the three of us, to the imperilling of the life and honour of Miss Grant, for all we dare predict, simply that your mind may be eased by having the half-blood under lock and key."

"Then what's to be done?" he exclaimed coarsely, and in a defiant, quarrelsome way. "The safety of the brig depends upon me, and if harm befalls *me*, what's to become of

her, and you, and the lady you're so consarned about—and unwisely consarned about in my opinion, for, by not helping me, you'll be chancing to let her go adrift."

"I have told you, Captain Broadwater," said I, greatly disliking this sudden change of manner in him, for I had met his suggestion in a very earnest spirit, "that in a time of extremity, which shall not—understand me—have been brought about by any act of cruelty and brutality on your part, I will support you and Mr. Gordon heart and soul. But I cannot accept the duties you ask me to undertake, nor do I see my way to offering to help you in any wild scheme of seizing the half-blood, under cover of the muzzles of our pistols, with perhaps the obligation of having to shoot down one or more of your crew, to the assured end of raising a murderous spirit amongst the men, and exciting them into God knows what act of terrible mutiny."

As I said this, Miss Grant came from her berth. I made a gesture to him to signify that no more must be said now; on which he rose and went to his cabin. She looked at me earnestly, but was silent. I handed her up the companion-ladder, lighted a cigar, and followed. The morning was deliciously fine. There was a pleasant breeze a little abaft the beam, and the little vessel glided crisply over a sea of blue, the beautiful dark dye of which at the horizon seemed to tincture the line of the sky. The decks were dry and white with a crystalline sparkling of salt about them. There was a short awning just abaft the skylight, and our deck chairs were under it; but the sun was not yet high, and the wind blew sweet and cool over the rail; life was stirred to her innermost sources by the freshness of the morning, and to sit would have been to forfeit half the delights of this radiant day. On our quarter, steering north, was a brigantine, toy-like in the distance; the sunlight flashed an ivory whiteness on her windward canvas,

whilst the violet shadowing on the leeward cloths made them look to be melting on the airy blue beyond. There was a spot of colour in her rigging, and Gordon, from the other side, called out to me that she was a Dane. There was nothing else in sight, and the mighty stretch of water, under the dazzle of the soaring sun, looked the vaster for that fairy-like fabric upon it.

I threw a swift glance along our decks, and noticed that the men worked quietly upon their various jobs. A couple of them were busy on some chafing-gear in the fore-rigging; a spun-yarn winch was rattling on the forecastle; and the half-blood Charles, with his back upon us, dressed in blue dungaree, a red cap on his head, and chocolate-coloured shanks bare to the knees, was balling up the stuff as it was manufactured. The cook was standing in the door of his little galley, smoking a sooty pipe, his naked arms folded upon his breast, watching the cabin-boy close by washing some plates and dishes in a tub. High aloft on the fore-royal-yard stood the figure of a man, who had paused in some work he was upon up there to stand erect with his hand on the truck, and the sharp of his other hand over his eyes, whilst he gazed into the immeasurable distance visible to him from that altitude. The tall, muscular seaman, Terence Mole, was at the helm, his hands carelessly gripping the spokes of the wheel, his attitude full of that indefinable, floating ease that enters as a sort of grace into the posture and movements of the true deep-water sailor. All these were details to fill my eye in a breath; and on the surface the picture was so homely, there seemed so much salt, plain honesty in the complexion, quality, aspect of the full scene, that my instant recurrence to what but a little while before had passed between the captain and myself affected me as an unreality, as something that I had imagined, as an affront to the truth of this quiet, in-board picture, and to the high, wide,

refreshing splendour through which our little craft was softly pushing.

When we emerged from the cabin, Miss Grant made some common-place remark about the beauty of the morning; but we had scarcely measured half the length of the deck when, looking at me wistfully and searchingly also, she exclaimed, "What has happened to worry you, Mr. Musgrave?"

"I must look worried, I suppose," I answered, smiling, "or you would not ask the question."

"You do, indeed. It is some anxiety that concerns this voyage, of course. There can be nothing else, for there are no postmen here to bring you disagreeable news; at least I *hope* the cause lies in the voyage," she added. "If it does, will you tell me what it is?"

She kept her gaze fastened upon me, and seemed to read my thoughts. Then she said, with a little smile very full of pride: "Do you know, Mr. Musgrave, if Alexander ever had a doubt, he would come to me to settle it for him. I am fond of problems. If I were a man, I should wish to be a politician above all things. I should love to be in a position where my judgment would be constantly tested, and where I should have to act quickly. What is best in the sailor's character springs from this habit. He is incessantly confronted by surprises, many of them tragical, all of them requiring instant resolution." She preserved her smile, still continuing to look at me. I suspected she talked to give me time to think.

"My anxiety," said I, "concerns our position on board this vessel—*your* position chiefly. What could offer a more peaceful picture than these decks? How softly the shadows sway! The men are working as quietly as if the whole gladness of the morning were in them; and yet, since you wish to know the truth, Miss Grant, I should say that if these planks were growing insufferably hot from fire below—raging, but as yet concealed—our outlook

would be more distinctly satisfactory to my mind than it is now, staunch as the brig is, quiet as these fellows seem, calm and glowing as the whole picture all about us shows."

She threw a glance around her, and said quietly, "What has occurred to put these thoughts into you?"

I came to a halt, our faces fronting the fore-castle, and indicating the half-blood by a movement of my head, I said: "That fellow there knows that on the arrival of this brig he must be hanged, or in some other manner despatched for the murder of Mr. Bothwell. He also knows that the man who is resting in the cabin under our feet means to get him killed for his crime." The half-blood turned his head at this moment, and we resumed our walk. "You say you are fond of problems. Here is one for you. That fellow forward has the sympathies of the whole crew. He has more: he has their protection, and they will not allow a finger to be laid upon him. Aft is a captain who stands alone."

"The problem, Mr. Musgrave?"

"How is Captain Broadwater to sail the ship to Rio, and set you and me safely ashore there, with yonder olive-coloured villain closely and intimately associated with the crew—popular amongst them as the hero who freed them from the tyranny of the mate—conscious, maybe, of their willingness to help him save his life, which he knows must be forfeited on the arrival of the brig?"

"What do you fear?"

"That Master Ernest Charles yonder will contrive that this brig shall never reach her port."

"By what means?"

"Ha!" said I, "there it is, Miss Grant."

She threw another swift glance around her, and slightly knitted her brows. "Can we not contrive to find out what Captain Broadwater thinks?" she said.

I exactly repeated my conversation with him in the cabin. She listened until I had made an end, and then

said quickly: "Mr. Musgrave, if you will be advised by me, you will take no part in any scheme the captain may decide upon as regards the discipline of the vessel. The men know that they have your sympathies, and should trouble come they will—at least they *may*—remember that you were their friend. But what would be the result of your siding with the captain, helping him to put that wretched creature yonder in irons, perhaps being obliged in self-defence to shoot one of the crew? We have a right to think of our safety. Captain Broadwater has imperilled it by his treatment of the men, and I say we have a right, Mr. Musgrave, to think of ourselves. My advice is, be neutral."

I dare say I was the more impressed by what she said, because of her having given prompt and clear expression to my own secret opinions. The judgment that concurs with our own must be, of course, very shrewd and sagacious. But I could also find a good deal to admire in the quickness with which she had seen into the thing, and the accuracy of her insight. For, after all, it only needed a little thought to enable me to conclude that, as Gordon hardly seemed a man to prove serviceable in a crisis—being just a plain, sober, slow-minded sailor, whose tastes were altogether forward, and who in his heart loved the captain as little as the others—the main burden of Broadwater's project must be borne by him and me; that a conflict between us and the crew must inevitably end in our defeat, and perhaps in our destruction, for the sight of a levelled pistol would serve, as a wand in the hand of a wizard, to raise the foulest of evil spirits among the people of the brig; and that if I were not slaughtered outright in the struggle with the men, they would extend their hatred of the captain to me in an equal measure, so that, in a word, I should be practically helpless as a protector in any form or fashion for Miss Grant. Indeed, this was the

essential meaning of her advice to me—her entreaty almost; yet I thought I would sound her womanly judgment a little further.

"You are perfectly right, and I shall be guided by you. But suppose the captain should be set upon by the men—I mean treacherously—without furnishing them with an inch of honest justification, would not it be my duty as well as my policy to stand by him?"

"But is he likely to be set upon unless he provokes them? And judging from what we have seen, if he provokes them, will he not deserve the treatment he may receive at their hands?" she answered with a flash of indignation in her look which gave me to know that old Broadwater must expect no commiseration from her, happen what might.

"I am heartily sorry," said I, with a smile which instantly brought the light of one into her face, though my own grin was pure admiration without the faintest flavour of mirth; for her beauty showed rich just then to the mood excited in her by our conversation, and admiration will often make a man smile as though he had a joke in his head when, God knows, his heart may be full of mirthless emotion,—"I am heartily sorry that I was ever at sea as a sailor. Were I a landsman making my first voyage, I should find little or nothing to worry me in what has happened; particularly now that the roll of the commotion is smoothed out, and everything," I added, with a look along the peaceful decks, "is as placid on the surface as the waters of a canal."

"A little patience, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed. "Rio is closer than it was a fortnight ago." I was not so sure of that, but I said nothing. "At all events," she continued, "we must take care that you return home in a good ship, with a pleasant captain."

"Yes," said I, "we must see to that."

"Alexander will be able to advise you," she said, with a softening of her

voice to the utterance of his name. "He is sure to know of a good ship, one that might be quite worth waiting for if she is not at Rio."

"Confound Alexander!" I thought to myself; and her way of speaking of him so teased me, that it would have soothed the momentary irritation to have told her that I heartily wished he stood in my boots on board this brig. But a glance at her made me feel that the expression of such a wish would have been preposterously insincere. No; our situation was uncommonly dark and uncomfortable: no man knowing the truth would have dared venture to predict that to-morrow would find us as we were to-day; and still my enjoyment of her society topped every risk I could contemplate; and how detestable the project of our association coming to an end was to me, I knew by my inward perturbation that followed on her speaking of Alexander, and his choosing me a good ship to return in.

An hour passed. Our conversation was chiefly about the crew and the outlook they threatened, and again and again she advised me not to entertain any scheme old Broadwater might submit, but to view myself wholly as a passenger, without further concern in the voyage than its conclusion. She then, feeling tired, took a chair under the awning and put a book upon her knee, but seemed to have no eyes for anything but the crew, whom she watched curiously, as might an artist who gazes for effects of colour, posture, and expression. All this while Gordon trudged the weather-deck alone. I now crossed over to him.

"Feel more cheerful by this time, I hope, Mr. Gordon?" said I; "a man's spirits must be gloomy indeed that don't brighten out to such a day as this."

He forced a grin, and said, "Worrit, sir, worrit; there's no accounting for a man's feelings. I wish it 'ud come on to blow. This here smiling kind of weather is all very well when ye ain't

in a hurry; but when ye've got bows forrard like the head of a puncheon, and beam enough for a score of fandangoes 'twixt the rails, without call to stop even a coil of halliards to the standing rigging to get more room, then what one wants is the relieving-tackles hauled taut, and two chaps sweating at the wheel, and the sprit-sail-yard out of sight in the smother over the bows."

"You're in as great a hurry as Miss Grant," I exclaimed.

"Greater, I dessay," he exclaimed. "To tell ye the truth, Mr. Musgrave, I'm sick of the voyage. None of these here small brigs for me again, sir. Never no more! Nothen' less than a thousand ton. A man's nature seems able to stand upright when he's aboard a big ship; in these here small craft it's all stooping for fear of knocking your brains out."

There was a sour expression on his face which strictly corresponded with the sentiment and note of his grumbling. I said to him: "Gordon, an odd thought came into my head just now. Notice the half-blood yonder. He's a clearer menace to our safety than an augur working through the ship's bottom. Now what think you of the scheme of the captain—of you and me arming ourselves with loaded pistols, springing upon him unawares, handcuffing him, and dragging him aft under cover of the muzzles of our small arms?"

"What do I think of it, sir?" he exclaimed, without a moment's hesitation.

"Yes," I rejoined.

"This," said he. "If there's any gunpowder aboard, better knock the head off a barrel and snap one of your pistols into it, and blow the whole blooming mess of us to heaven. But you're not serious?"

"No, no," said I; "certainly not. Mere fancy, and nothing more. But not to your liking, evidently."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "at the first offer to touch Charles, pistol or no pistol, the whole crew 'ud be on

ye like one man. *They'd* like the scheme. It's the sort of chance they're waiting for. For heaven's sake, don't go and suggest your notion to the capt'n, sir. He's just the sort of man to entertain it, and to come and ask me to help him."

"Would you help him?" said I.

"Let him ask me first, Mr. Musgrave," he replied, with an odd look at me out of the corner of his eyes. If this was not news, 'twas what I needed to get from his lips. Even had Miss Grant's advice not already settled my mind, Gordon's askant glance, that was more eloquent than words, would have decided me out of hand, there and then. In truth it could but prove as I had foreseen, should I consent to help the captain; and I remember that I let out my breath in a half-wild sigh of relief over the determination I had formed as I turned from Gordon to take a chair at Miss Grant's side.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE LOSE THE CABIN-BOY.

Two mornings after this, on going on deck shortly before the breakfast-hour, I found the weather changed. The high sun, the blue skies which had shone over us now for many days together, were gone. The atmosphere was gloomy, with a pale thickness that brought the sea-line to within cannon-shot. Under the lead coloured gloom over the mastheads one could dimly catch sight here and there of a black curl of scud-like cloud blowing leisurely athwart our track; otherwise there was no break, no shadowed curve or line to tell of a denser or darker vapour yet above the warm and fallow haze through which the wind was sweeping without dispersing it. The sea ran in a slopping sort of way that made a great noise about the brig's sides with notes of hollow plashing. You would have thought there was a strong windward tide running; yet with all this briskness of surface play,

I never saw the ocean wear a sulkier look. The glorious sparkling blue of its brine was gone; 'twas now of a cold, fallowish green, thick and muddy with every heave; as though under its heads of foam, and the short conflicting runs of its small seas, it had been thickened into sluggishness by upheaval of ooze into its volume. The atmosphere was like a tepid bath, and the brig was damp with it from her loftiest cloths to the deck from which I surveyed the scene. She was under all plain sail, the yards braced forward, but the studding-sail-booms were still rigged out, which was perhaps as good as saying that old Broadwater found nothing more in the weather that had come down upon us than was visible to the bare eye. She was pushing through it dully, and tumbling uncomfortably in a most sickening way indeed; inasmuch, that for the first time during this voyage I felt absolutely uneasy, though the fresh air speedily relieved me of the disagreeable oppression.

Broadwater was in charge. I stepped mechanically over to the compass to have a look at the card, though of course it was to be known by the lay of her yards that the brig was steering her true course. The captain was clothed in a long pea-coat and sou'-wester, and his red face, framed in the sea-helmet, showed, methought, this morning very sourly, with a harsh twist about his mouth that put the look of a sulky sneer into its ordinary, familiar, whistling expression. He stood holding on to the weather-vang of the try-sail gaff, apparently as little able as I was to move about the decks. The watch had finished their business of washing down, the ropes were coiled away, and everything was ship-shape fore and aft; but the drizzled, weeping aspect of the brig, with shadows of moisture lying in dark curves upon her canvas, and blobs of wet distilling from gray ropes and black shrouds, made her look singularly dejected and forlorn, and I could scarcely forbear a smile, as I glanced from the picture

of her to the skipper's face, and witnessed the absurd correspondence between *his* damp sourness and *her* appearance.

He eyed me as if he would like to speak, but I took care that he should find no encouragement in the short "good morning" that I called to him. The truth is, I had given him as wide a berth as I could possibly contrive since the hour when he had unfolded his scheme to me of capturing the half-blood. I had made up my mind on the matter, and therefore had no desire to hear him again on it. Indeed, Miss Grant's advice had so worked in me that my attitude was perhaps more resolved and more sharply accentuated than the occasion demanded. In short, it entered my head that, for all I could tell, the captain's scheme might find its way to the fore-castle; by what agency of course I could not have indicated, for I was sure that Gordon was not a man to talk. But, nevertheless, I knew that on shipboard there is a species of wizardry at work in the atmosphere, by whose operations the crew do somehow or other manage to obtain a dim intelligence of what passes even in whispers in the cabin; and I was resolved that if the captain's proposal to me should come to be guessed at by the sailors, or reach their knowledge in the indefinable manner in which news creeps through a ship at sea, they should perceive that I had no sympathy with it; which was only to be managed by letting them infer my opinion of Broadwater by my behaviour to him on deck.

It was a gloomy breakfast-table. The morning lay so foggily upon the skylight that I could scarcely distinguish Miss Grant's features without leaning towards her. There were fiddles on the table, but the quick rolls of the brig rendered them useless. A plate of bacon was capped on to Broadwater's knees, and I narrowly escaped being badly scalded by the sudden fetching away of the skipper's huge teapot, which to one sharp heave jumped like a live thing over the

divisions, and poured its contents in a boiling stream within a couple of inches of my right leg.

"If we were not clear of the Gulf Stream," said I, "this should make a man believe himself in the heart of it."

"What's the matter with the Gulf Stream, sir," said Broadwater, "supposing this *was* it?"

"You have heard, I suppose," said I, almost amused by the excessive sourness in his face, "of vessels sailing with royals and studding-sails into the belt, and meeting ships coming out of it under close-reefed topsails?"

"Well, I *may* have heard of it, as you remark," he exclaimed: "but I haven't been going to sea all these years to believe all I hear at this time o' day."

There was a note of insolence in the old chap's voice that instantly started me on addressing Miss Grant with the completest air of unconsciousness of his presence that I could command. Once I caught his eye, and the gleam of it was not a little malevolent, minute as the puncture was through which he stared. How unusually quarrelsome and bad-tempered he was this morning was to be noticed in his way of speaking to the cabin boy. It was inconceivable that the poor lad should be able to cut anything but an intolerable figure on that staggering deck, and it was quite wonderful that he managed to scrape through his business of bringing the dishes along and waiting on us without breaking his neck, not to speak of what he carried. But Broadwater found him unendurable, heaped abuse on him whenever he had sufficiently emptied his mouth to furnish scope to his tongue, and finally exploded in a whole volley of course and brutal terms, which caused Miss Grant to half rise from her chair with a look at me to hand her to her cabin. But the old fellow left his seat at that moment and staggered on deck, with a farewell shake of his fist under the hapless boy's nose, whereupon my companion resumed her place.

Gordon arrived, looking gray in the

twilight of the cabin, and wretched with the dogged melancholy that hung upon him. He knuckled his forehead with a dismal gesture to Miss Grant, sat down and helped himself to a bit of beef, with the air of a man walking in his sleep. This indeed, to a certain extent, had been his mood ever since the night of the apparition of the luminous bow, but it was so accentuated this morning that the dolefulness of it was absolutely grotesque.

"It seems to me, Gordon," said I, "that a glass of three-finger rum and one-finger water would do you more good than that black fluid you're about to drink. The weather, I admit, is enough for the moment to make life appear as if it were formed of nothing but yellow fog and bilious dots. But, my good fellow, there is really no need for such a mute-like face as yours, as though you had taken a fancy to a hearse's plume to embellish your sou'-wester with, and were rehearsing the proper cast of countenance for it."

He rolled up his eyes to the sky-light, and then gazed at me with the languishing expression of a sick man, but did not speak.

"Of all the most miserable voyages," I continued, "recorded or unwritten, I'll venture to declare this tops the list."

"Pray don't say so, Mr. Musgrave," exclaimed Miss Grant. "Think of fire, famine, shipwreck, the uninhabited coast, or worse still, the coast inhabited by savages."

"This voyage ain't over yet," said Gordon, in the voice of a raven.

"I don't say it's calamitous," I went on. "Indeed, but for the consideration that your safety and comfort are involved, I should be much too happy to wish the voyage over." She smiled, and inclined her head to this as a mere commonplace of courtesy, and indeed I easily saw that she made nothing of it, and suspected nothing in it, from the serenity and steadfastness of her gaze. "Yet," I continued, "we must call it miserable. As if a fit of superstition ending in the suicide

of a seaman shouldn't suffice, there comes the barbarous punishment of lashing a man to the mast. As though that were not enough, mutiny must follow, along with a horrid murder. And now here is Broadwater this morning with every instinct of bad temper and brutality in him forking out like the claws of a cat at sight of a dog; whilst on top of all sits my good friend there, bowed down by some sort of speechless woe, for which I am sure that there is no remedy but a good pull at one of my choice old brandy-bottles."

I started up, meaning to fetch the liquor, but he arrested me with a solemn wave of the hand.

"No, sir," he exclaimed, "there's nothing in brandy to do me good. It isn't *woe* that's a-worrying me. What it be I'm sure I can't tell. I believe the cap'n's clean off his head this morning. He came up a-cursing of you to me just now as if he'd imagined you and the half-blood was gone into partnership to take his life."

"Do you suppose he thinks this?" I cried, startled.

"No, no, sir," he replied; "I said *as if* he did. 'There's no telling what passes in such a mind as his.'"

"I do not see that his fancies, whatever they may be, need trouble us," said Miss Grant quietly.

"No," I exclaimed; "it's not the captain's mind; it's your face, Gordon. Turn to and give yourself a good hearty shaking, my lad, and so get rid of the longshore humour that's come to you with a view of the finest sight that ever mortal eye rested on. Why, man, we look to you for the only gleam of sailorly jollity that's to be witnessed aboard this old hooker. It was but the other day that you were laughing at the notions that despatched the poor fellow Jesse Cooper over the side. Shake this temper out of you, Gordon."

He passed the back of his hairy hand over his forehead. "Well, sir," he exclaimed, "I will if I can. I hope there's nothing in the queer sensations

that have come into me to agitate the lady, I'm sure. I'm but a plain sailor man, and never had no college to go to but the fok's'le, and don't feel that I've got any right to be sitting in the cabin of even such a brig as this, a-talking to a lady and gent like you and miss there. I'm sure I ask both of your pardons if I've at all agitated either of ye by my manner. Sailors are but mortal like other folks; ye know that, Mr. Musgrave. The sperrits of the heartiest of them will fail at times. It'll all come right, I dare say," and with that he left us.

Now all this, along with the darkness of the weather, the drizzle on the skylight, the vile tumbling and harsh groaning of the brig, was surely enough to render both Miss Grant and myself as gloomy and depressed as poor Gordon himself. I protest it made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable to know that the captain had gone on deck and abused me to the boatswain in terms which it was easy for my imagination to fit to his lips. One felt that everything was wrong aboard the brig, from the eyes of her to the transom; that she was no better than a complicated trap, of which if one piece of mechanism went wrong there was half-a-score more whose action was bound to be sure.

There was nothing to tempt one on deck. It was Broadwater's watch below, but he remained above through-out; why, I could not imagine, unless he was too irritable to rest in his cabin. Thick as the weather was, it was daylight, and one could see a mile at all events, and the risks therefore were as nothing compared with those of that black night on which the pig had broken into my berth, and through which Broadwater would have slept soundly, no doubt, but for the uproar, as he had turned in very nearly drunk. The atmosphere was close below, and the lee skylight-lid lay open, and through it, as I sat conversing with Miss Grant, I could hear the captain occasionally bawling in a voice whose harsh, hoarse note struck upon the ear

with something of the smart of a blow from a missile on the flesh. Once I heard the men singing out, and gathered from the orders delivered by Gordon that they were trimming sail. The motion of the brig however continued abominable, spasms and throes of motion quite bewildering to the brain at times, accompanied by all sorts of ugly slopping sounds of water, hysteric sobbings and gurglings swelling into a semi-muffled yearning roar as some windward roll would send a billow howling from the side. Reading was impossible; there was nothing to be made of chess or cards, and we could find no better diversion than sitting and talking.

I think it must have been about noon when I heard the captain's voice suddenly exerted in a number of shouts in which he seemed to be repeating the same orders over and over again, but in the most angry, savage, threatening tones that could be imagined.

"What on earth can the wretched old man be at now!" said I. "I'll take a peep."

I threw a cloak over my shoulders, put on my cap, and went on deck. Broadwater was standing on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, gripping the main-royal backstay, and shouting to somebody on the fore, though I did not immediately look that way. Gordon was near the skylight, his hands buried in his coat-pockets, and his dejected face sulkily staring seawards with an air of petulant, gloomy unconcern upon him, as of a man who had passed through the stages of loathing and disgust into contemptuous indifference. I walked right aft so as to get out of the sphere of the skipper's little eyes; since, while I was anxious to see what was going on, I was also disposed to fear that if the old fellow caught me watching, he might fall foul of me in his present humour before the sailors. I now noticed that the wind had come a point or two more free since early morning, and that the yards were braced in to that extent. The foretop-

mast studding-sail had been set, but something was wrong with the block at the extremity of the boom, and the halliards had been slacked away and the sail hauled in great part down upon the fore-castle, where it hung with watch standing by ready to hoist away afresh when the difficulty aloft, whatever it was, had been remedied.

It is proper I should state here, for the information of those to whom sea-terms are unintelligible, that a studding-sail-boom is a long, smooth spar that reeves through irons fixed upon the yard to which it belongs, and that, when the studding-sail is to be set, is run out far beyond the ship's side for the extension of the foot of the cloths. There is no gear attached to it except the tack at the extremity, so that 'tis for all the world like one of those greasy poles which they project over the head of a moored craft on a regatta day, for marine Jack Puddings to walk out on.

Now as I stood near the wheel, the first object I saw was the figure of the cabin-boy Billy, as he was called, jockeying the studding-sail-boom at the distance of some three or four feet from the yard-arm. He was supposed to be sliding out to the end of it—astride it as though on horse-back—but you saw at the first glance that the poor creature was in a mortal fright; that having been urged by the captain's threats to the point at which he had arrived, he was too terrified to advance, whilst the purple face of the old tyrant on the quarter-deck prohibited him from returning. At any time such a job as this would have been full of danger. Even at anchor on the motionless surface of a river, the task of sliding out to the extremity of a long, naked, and slippery boom would not have been without its peril. The undertaking was now rendered so prodigiously dangerous by the peculiarly sharp, rapid, jerking, and dislocating heaves, staggers, and rolls of the brig, that the mere sight of the lad up there shocked me as though he were hanging by the neck,

or being in any other way done to death by the man who continued to bawl out menaces to him.

"By Heaven!" I cried, with the quick, shuddering sensation of a recoil within myself, so to speak, "he'll be overboard in a minute."

"Yes, by the Everlasting! but if he goes for good, the one that'll follow him ain't fur off," said a low voice close to my side. I turned; it was Charles, the half-blood, who was standing at the wheel. I had not until this moment noticed him. One laughs often at descriptions in novels of the villain of the plot hissing out his threats and imprecations through his clenched teeth; but I protest that though it was impossible this man could have spoken with his teeth clenched, his utterance had the sharp, seething sound which is in the romancer's mind when he endeavours to express it. I started with a sudden uncontrollable shudder of aversion, and went some yards forward.

"Shove along out! shove along out!" roared Broadwater, with an angry sweep of his arm towards the extremity of the boom.

The hue of the sky against which the boy swung was a dull and dingy slate, here and there in it a deepening of shadow where some dark cloud sailed above the haze; and out of the horizon, that seemed to welter within reach of an arrow, the seas came running in short, snappish, colliding leaps, with a quarrelsome, hound-like shouldering of one another, and fretful tossings of their heads of froth into the air, the foam falling back like showers of snow against the dingy back-ground. The sailors stared up at the lad, but though now one and then another of them would make a movement as if he were about to spring into the rigging, no man offered to take the boy's place.

I don't believe however it was so much the peril of the work that held the fellows in a body looking on, as the feeling that the captain had started the wretched boy on this business as a

"work-up job," and that he would not permit any other man to take his place. It was the most barbarous piece of cruelty you could conceive—out and away worse than the fastening of the half-blood to the mast. It was not only that the lad had not signed as a sailor, so that the captain had no right to turn him to work of that kind; of all the people aboard the brig the poor creature was the least qualified for so perilous an undertaking as sliding out to the extremity of a long boom that was buckling and jumping like a coach-whip to the tumbling vessel's thrash of spar and shear of yard-arm.

"Out with you! Shove along! By thunder, I'll make a *traveller* of you with the end of the tack! I'll have ye *hauled* out and made two blocks of and belayed if you don't bear a hand! There's no ile in that timber—no use your a-squeezing of it!—so out ye go now!—out ye go!"

The white face of the lad turned towards the captain, full of entreaty and terror. On a sudden his cap blew off. Trifling as the thing was, the mere sight of the headgear dropping with a whirl into the sea and showing black an instant ere smothered by a breaking wave, sent a shock through me.

"I can't get out, sir; I can't indeed, sir," cried the boy, in a most miserable whining voice. I noticed several of the men forward staring my way, as though wondering whether I meant to interfere, perhaps hoping to provoke me to do so with their looks. But remonstrance was too late, even if I had not satisfied myself by observing the temper old Broadwater was in, that it would be idle. It was quite plain that the lad was incapable of working himself another foot along the boom; and it seemed to me, from the despairful, clinging posture with which he hugged the spar, his trousers ridden up to his knees, and his thin legs and long naked feet swinging in sharp relief against the haze past them, that terror had rendered him

incapable of returning. On a sudden the brig pitched sharply, all aslant; then with a stagger recovered herself, instantly following it by another sharp plunge and a heavy seething of water beaten off her weather-bow.

"Mind!" I cried at this moment, "the boy will be overboard."

As I spoke he swung under the boom, still clinging to it with his legs and arms.

"Come in! come in!" roared Gordon, rushing forward; "you can manage it, my lad; take your time. Up aloft some of ye and help him."

Three men sprang into the shrouds, but before they were five ratlines high the lad's legs dropped, and he swayed at the boom with his hands meeting upon it, his figure swinging like the end of a rope. Half-a-dozen throats shouted out as many suggestions. "Hold on, Billy! We'll have a bow-line for ye in a moment!" "Work your way in, Billy, hand over hand, lad!" "Don't let go, for heaven's sake. There are men now running aloft to help ye!"

"In God's name," I cried, making a spring in my excitement towards Broadwater, "put your helm down before he lets go, that the brig's way may be checked when he's in the water!"

He did not answer me, but if ever human eyes flashed a curse at a man his did. There was a life-buoy aft, seized to the rail in the good old English style. Without a knife I could not free it. A steel blade was flourished close to my nose. "Here, sir, cut away with this; it's sharp enough for tougher stuff than laniards." I seized the knife that the half-blood extended to me from the wheel, severed the seizings, and returned the weapon to the fellow, with a horror springing into me even in that wild moment of excitement at the thought that it was the same knife with which he had murdered the mate! I looked forward; the boy was gone, and the boom reeled naked against the sky. At the same moment, "Man overboard! Down

hellum ! down hellum !" came sweeping aft in a perfect hurricane roar from the lips of the seamen gathered forward, and the deck re-echoed the clattering of their feet as they came racing in a body to the quarter-boat. I looked over the side, and there on the quarter lay the boy on his back floating with his arms out. I sprang on to the rail to fairly heave the life-buoy, and while I stood in that posture for the space of a breath, *I saw the poor creature smile at me !* I vow to God it was a thing almost heart-breaking in its way. It may have unnerved my arm ; I know not, I am sure. I did my best, flung the buoy with my full strength and as a sailor would, but it fell far short of him, and though the half-blood ground the wheel down till you would have thought that the passion of the creature had given him strength to twist the head sheer off the rudder it belonged to, yet the lubberly bows of the brig came round so leisurely against the conflicting beat of the snarling and worrying seas, that the floating figure seemed a mile off in less time than it would have taken a man to put up a prayer to God for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE LOSE FOUR MEN.

THEN happened a scene of bitter confusion. Though the men, whilst they stood watching the lad forward, must have guessed as clearly as I what would happen, they had said nothing ; but now that the boy was overboard and drowning, they broke into a hundred execrations against the captain whilst they cast the gripes of the lee quarter-boat adrift and cleared away the falls ready for lowering. The uproar was increased by Broadwater's vociferations to them to bear a hand ; but each cry of his served but as a challenge to the rage of the men, who roared back every choicest flower of the fore-castle dialect which they could summon to their

lips. However they worked nimbly for all that, and in a few minutes the boat, with a couple of men in her and Gordon in the stern-sheets overhanging the stern as he fitted the rudder to the pintles, was swinging at the davits. "Lower away handsomely !" The little craft sank out of sight down the side, and in a few minutes was leaping like an indiarubber ball upon the seas, to the desperate drag of the two fellows at the oars.

The shouts from the captain now brought the sailors to the maintop-sail-brace, and whilst the men were pulling at the ropes to get the yards aback, hauling in a delirious sort of way, with temper ringing menacingly in the songs with which they accompanied their work, Miss Grant arrived on deck, and spying me before I saw her, instantly approached with a hurried, anxious, "What is it *now*, Mr. Musgrave !"

"Why, another murder, bad as Bothwell's, if there be justice in heaven to decide !" I cried, for I was thinking of the drowning lad's smile at the moment, and the mere having to tell her what had happened made me feel as mutinously savage as, I warrant me, the darkest minded of the men who were running about.

She brought her hands together in a gesture of terror ; there was real fear in the eyes with which she swept the sea. She seized me by the arm, and exclaimed with a shuddering glance towards Broadwater, "Another murder do you say, Mr. Musgrave ! Oh, if so—if so—" and then she stopped with a bewildered stare at the jumbled roll of green seas that came with staggers which shook them into snow out of the windward thickness.

I had shocked and startled her from the brave hold she had hitherto kept upon her feelings, and could have cursed myself for my brutal, uncouth candour. "I have put it too strongly," I cried, eager to subdue in her eyes something of that light of horror and fear which gave a kind of madness

to their beauty. "It is not murder in the sense you think it. It is but another act of miserable cruelty which I fear must end in the death of our cabin-boy."

"Tell me about it!" she exclaimed, in a breathless way, securing her hold of my arm by clasping the fingers of both hands upon it.

I related the incident as swiftly as I could speak it, and I do not think I shall ever forget the look of tragic loathing and indignation in her face when she turned to glance at Broadwater over her shoulder as he stood on the other side of the deck huskily bawling instructions to the crew.

"Where is the boat?" she cried impetuously.

I pointed in the direction in which I had last seen it, and walked right aft with her and peered into the windy thickness, but could see no signs of the little fabric; nothing like it saving a darker ridge of green here and there which would melt into foam even as I watched. I abhorred the obligation of having to address the half-blood, but excitement was working in me like a fever, and I could think of little more than that the boat which I had in full view a minute or two before Miss Grant came on deck was now out of sight.

"Do you see anything of her?" I said to him.

"She went out of sight on a sudden," he answered. "She's afloat right enough, I reckon; the mist will have swallowed her up." He leaned from the wheel, pointing with a small, beautifully-shaped, but discoloured hand out to sea upon the weather quarter.

The brig's way was stopped, so far at least as forging ahead went; but of her leeward trend dead along the path of the wind the nimbleness might be gathered by looking over the side, where you saw the oil-like smoothness left by her to the distance of a pistol-shot, beyond whose verge the seas were breaking as though they were

kept at bay to that point by a coating of oil upon the waters. I thought Broadwater must be stark mad to keep his brig hove-to under a press which every moment was driving her deeper into the obscurity that hid us from the boat as she was hidden from us by it. The vessel was under royals and flying-jib, and to such a surface, helped as the fabric also was by the seas, our drift would be rapid beyond endurance; yet not a sheet was started or a halliard let go. The old man stood on the weather-side, leaning upon the rail, and fixedly gazing seaward under the thatch of his sou'-wester; forward, both watches—the whole of the crew in short, as many of them as were left—overhung the bulwarks pointing and talking, with one man half-way up the fore-shrouds, swinging out from a ratline, and his left hand shading his eyes as he bent his gaze at the brownish drizzle upon the near horizon. Five minutes passed; nothing was done, and nothing said that reached our ears. The captain held his motionless posture, staring as though fascinated. One heard nothing but the wearisome sobbing and plashing of waters, with the cheerless clank of wheel-chains and jar of rudder, the melancholy clatter of wet spare booms, the rushing noise of wind aloft to the drunken weather-lurches of the brig. Suddenly old Broadwater sprang erect from his squared arms, and came rolling along to where we stood.

"See anything of the boat, sir!" he cried.

"Nothing," I answered, scarcely able to tell him so, for my aversion almost overpowered my faculty of speaking.

"Forward there," he bawled, turning his face towards the fore-castle, "any one amongst ye see anything of the boat?"

"Nothing," came back the response, in so sulky a swing through the wind, that it made one think of the sudden dead flap of a sail in the midnight obscurity of an electric storm that has not yet burst. The old man struck

his hip violently with the flat of his hand, drove both fists deep into his pockets, then started as if to walk, but changed his mind, and came to the rail again, and stood looking with a creeping consternation in his face, before which one saw the temper in it fading away.

My feelings made me reckless. I said to him roughly and defiantly: "You'll lose your boat if you don't strip your ship. Do you know, man, that you're driving dead to leeward at the rate of three or four miles an hour?"

He sent a glance at the half-blood before answering me, and then in a half-choked voice gasped out with an oath: "If there's a mutiny, you'll be the ringleader! I knows ye; I've been following of ye. You teach me my business!" He pulled his fist out of his pocket to shake it in my face. I at first imagined by this gesture that he meant to attack me, and quickly released Miss Grant's hold that I might be ready for him. Muscular as he was, with no lack of weight "of beef" in him, as sailors say, I believe he would have found his match in me at that moment; for his charging me with being the ringleader of a mutiny was an insult to make fire of blood running by luck of disposition in a much gentler stream than mine, I am sorry to say, ever did. But very quietly Miss Grant stepped in front of me, and the old fellow, with a second look at the half-blood, rolled over to the companion, where he stood a few moments staring seawards, and then with an air of sudden hurry vanished below.

He reappeared after a brief absence, grasping an old blunderbuss, the bell-shaped muzzle of which was almost big enough to have received his head. He ran to the bulwarks with it close to where we stood. I confess I was not a little alarmed by the sight of so formidable a weapon in the hands of this enraged old man, and I watched his movements with no small anxiety, as I could not imagine what he intended to do with the piece. On a sudden he

lifted the stock to his shoulder, drooped his pear-shaped nose over the trigger, and screwing up one eye, as though he were taking aim at a bird in the air, let fly. The explosion could not have been more noisy had he discharged a swivel cannon, and the recoil of the piece was so violent that it came very near to flinging him on his back. However, I perceived that his object was to signal the brig's whereabouts to the boat, and I should have been glad to help him by discharging another musket, or blunderbuss, if the brig owned a second, but was kept quiet by the memory of his insult, and by the expression of ugly temper upon his face. When he had discharged the gun, he whipped out a great powder-flask and proceeded to reload, but poured in so much powder, while he rammed in so large and stubborn a lump of newspaper, that all in silence I took Miss Grant by the hand and led her some distance forward, where on the other side of the deck, should the crazy old weapon explode, we would be out of reach of the flying fragments. Having charged his blunderbuss, he approached the rail again, and taking aim at some imaginary object with as much solicitude of posture, indeed, as if he was shooting grouse or snipe, and screwing up his left eye so tightly, that I burst into a laugh at the sight of that side of his face, showing in a sort of purple blurr of wrinkles against the rusty barrel and the dull leaden shadow beyond, he pulled the trigger a second time. The piece exploded with a great blaze of light and the blast of a little thunder-shock, and down he tumbled to it, quite as I had expected; only instead of measuring his length, he smote the deck heavily with his hams, and preserved a sitting posture, with the blunderbuss across his knees, and his face full of astonishment and anger.

Presently he rose, put the fire-arm on the skylight and went to the rail. He stared long and earnestly, then shouted to the men forward to know if they saw anything; after-

wards gaped aloft at his canvas, with a slow bringing of his eyes down to where we stood. But for the temper and brutality of the man I should have felt sorry for him.

"Do you think he will be able to recover the boat?" Miss Grant asked.

"I fear not," I answered, "unless the weather should miraculously clear within the next half hour; and even then the chances would be all against recovery, unless the old fool promptly shortened sail down to his topsails—nay, down to bare poles."

"But surely, Mr. Masgrave, we are not likely to *lose* the boat?"

"At sea things grow horribly serious in a minute," said I.

I crossed with her again to the weather-rail, and telescoping my hands, sent a long, long searching look into the length of the dingy shadow of mist, a little way past the line of which one saw the phantasmal welter of the seas, and the scarce determinable flash of foam, vague as an outline in still dark waters, to where they melted into the blindness of haze. The first clamorous wrath of the men forward had been changed, by waiting and peering, into a sort of angry uneasiness. There were nine of them; they hung in a row along the bulwarks, one repeatedly leaning inboards to look past another aft at the skipper, as though full of sullen, irritable wonder at this waiting and drifting scheme of his. But he made no sign. He went to the binnacle, and lifting the hood laid the sharp of his hand across the card, as though seeking to arrive by memory at the bearings of the boat. I suspected in him some trick of seamanship above my knowledge in his keeping the vessel under all plain sail hove to; but I could not bring myself to address him. Ten minutes passed—ten minutes of silence along our decks—all of us meanwhile staring our hardest to windward, not a syllable coming from forwards to break the dreary washing noises of water, and the sounds of the restless straining of the yerking, rolling, and plunging brig. On a sudden,

Broadwater roared out, "Swing the maintopsail-yard! Sweat everything fore and aft! Get them jib-sheets flattened in!"

The sailors, eager to be doing, sprang to his commands; I quitted Miss Grant to help them, and dragged with the gangs till the yards were pointed to the wind as far as they would go; but there were no songs. Here and there a fellow would raise a low monotonous yowling that the others might take time from his notes; but there was no cheeriness in the sailors' voices, and such few cries as were raised were more like the melancholy groaning of sufferers than the hearty piping out of seamen at work. The maintack was boarded in silence, and the jigger clapped on to such sheets and running gear as demanded the extra purchase, as though the brig's company consisted of undertakers' mutes. The wind seemed to come fresher now that the vessel was looking up to it close-hauled, and under the great pressure of her cloths she lay over until her lee-channels were awash amid the smother of spume there, though it was the mere spluttering of her round bows throwing the heads of the seas into cataracts from her that made the tumbling whiteness alongside; for I question if her progress, jammed as she was till the weather-leeches of her royals and top-gallant sails were hollowed aback, was as great as her drift had been when her topsail was to the mast.

It was clear now that the captain's intention was to "ratch" for the boat, as he himself would have termed it—by which I mean that it was his design to beat to windward in short tacks in the direction in which the boat had last been seen; and maybe he had kept full sail on the brig for the convenience of handling her promptly, although I held to my opinion that he had blundered grievously in holding her under cloths that must have given her a drift of hard upon a league since he had first hove her to. It was past two o'clock, and as I saw there was no chance of getting

any dinner that day, I procured some refreshments from our private stock, and Miss Grant and I made a hurried, uncomfortable meal in the cabin. Even while we sat there Broadwater put the brig about again, and as I felt that it was my duty to help him in such an extremity as this, I hastened on deck and assisted the men in pulling and dragging. The breeze had freshened, yet the seas were running more steadily, but the blank around the horizon had thickened, and there was a deeper shade in the dinginess on high that made it look as if it floated with a stoop towards our masts; but there was no break in it, no faintest flaw for the light behind to steal through, whilst the first weak drizzle of it had thickened into a small, fine rain—so warm that you did not feel the moisture until the wind had chilled it.

It was no weather for Miss Grant to show herself on deck in, but she declined to remain below; so I made her as snug as I could with wraps and a waterproof-cloak, and she remained by my side, searching the cold, green, frothing tumble for any black speck that should denote the boat, as all hands of the rest of us did. Whenever Broadwater had his tacks aboard, he sent a couple of hands aloft to the fore and main-topmast cross-trees, with two more in the fore and main rigging just under the tops, and many an earnest glance would I direct at the men in the hope of detecting in the posture of any one of them that his attention had been taken, and that he would be singing out in a minute and pointing. The misery of that time comes back to me strongly. It is not in my pen to express the quality of depressing melancholy that was put into that thick, sombre, damp day, with its cheerless whistling and howling of wind aloft, and the gray sails darkening yet to the beating of the rain, and the chill and stormy washing of water from the bows of the vessel, by thoughts of the lost boat away out in the darkening gloom yonder, and of

the anguish of expectation and fear that would fill the minds of the men in her, as, riding to their oars—for they would have long since abandoned the labour of rowing—they leaned over the low gunwale, peering past each green, glimmering curl of sea for any smudge upon the wall of vapour that had closed around them which should indicate the presence of our brig.

They would of course be without food or water. Small chance of any such discipline as Broadwater was equal to providing in this way for the hurried despatch of a vessel's boats!

"Do you think," Miss Grant said to me, "that the poor fellows will be able to live in such a sea as this?"

"Impossible to say," I replied, with a look at the remaining boat that was of the size and shape of the other; "every wave has had a snappish run throughout. Yet the men are sailors, and will know how to manage if management be practicable. I wonder if they picked up the boy."

"I fear the worst," she exclaimed, with a tremble in the parting of her lips to the sweep of the breeze, while from the whiteness of her face amid the twilight of the hood that covered her head, her dark eyes shone out bright with a light that was feverish with brilliance.

"Why?" I asked.

"I believe this to be the fulfilment," she answered, "of Gordon's prophetic melancholy. It was the shadow of this event that lay upon him."

I shook my head. "There was no prophetic depression in the other two; at least one may reasonably suppose so. Of the three, probably Gordon was the most prosaic. Why, since there were four men to perish to-day—supposing that they *do* perish—I include the cabin-boy—why, I ask, to one of them only should the future whisper? No, no; Gordon would have been gloomy whether this wretched business had happened or not."

"I fear the worst for them," she persisted. "Is not the air darkening

rapidly, too? Should the night fall without our sighting them—oh, Mr. Musgrave, what a dreadful fate!—what a dreadful fate!”

She swept her hands to her eyes, but dropped them quickly, and running to the rail gazed seawards; and I think had the hour been one of gravest peril to ourselves, instead of to the poor fellows tossing about somewhere out in the windward bleakness, I must have found a moment to admire—and with a stirring of wonder in my admiration—the character of tragic beauty her face took with the grief and pity and eagerness in it, as the flash of the wind swept her hood clear of the soft brown of her disordered hair, and left her lineaments plain against the green hills and blowing froth and shadowy steep of the scene of heaven and ocean beyond.

The gathering darkness which she had noticed before I did was to prove a squall. You heard the long moan of it ere it had leapt clear of the near haze, and revealed its approach by the glaring rush of waters at its base. Already Broadwater was carrying on till the covering-board was flush with the water over the side. “Let go royal and t’gallant halliards!” he bawled. “Down flying jib, up mainsail!” and as these last words left his mouth the squall struck the vessel. I had foreseen one consequence, and had provided against it by whipping a rope’s-end round Miss Grant’s waist; otherwise, to the sudden, fierce inclination of the deck, she must have fallen to leeward as one might slip down the roof of a house. The angle was so extreme that it was almost impossible to stir. The halliards had been let go, but the slope of the masts prevented the yards from travelling. “Over with the helm! over with the helm!” shrieked Broadwater. I sprang to the lee-spokes to assist the fellow who had relieved the half-blood, and who, though he was straining with set teeth, seemed unable to stir the wheel by so much as a spoke. It was now a picture of giddy commotion and be-

wildering uproar for a long five minutes. The brig was so pressed down, that though we had got the helm jammed hard up, I feared for some moments that she would not pay off. You saw the yeast blowing like cream over the lee-rail, and it was like soapsuds, as high as a man’s waist, the whole length of the lee-scuppers. Sheets had been slackened away or let go, and the rattle of canvas shook the vessel to her heart. The squall was a heavy one, and it blew with a voice of thunder out of the thickness; and what with the pouring sound of the blast on high—an independent noise that dominated all other sounds with the violent ring of gusts or guns echoing through the rushing wind—and what with the slapping of liberated folds of canvas, the hollow blows of seas upon the exposed weather-side of the hull, Broadwater’s shouts, the cries of the men, it was a scene that might have made even an old sailor think it about time to go to prayers. Fortunately however the captain’s wits were equal to an emergency of this kind. He bellowed lustily indeed, but his orders were right. On the mainsail being hauled up, and the trysail smothered, the brig paid off, and as she recovered something of an even keel, whilst she gradually presented her stern to the wind, the yards descended the masts, instantly relieving the heavy strain up there; and before it we bowled—though towards what quarter of the sea I never thought of looking.

However, though full of weight and spite, it was but a squall, and the scream of it had presently fined down into the familiar moaning of the early blast. The brig’s company was now a short-handed crew for the work that was to be done, and as every pair of hands was of the utmost consequence, I sang out to Broadwater from the wheel that I should be happy, if he had no objection, to stick to the post, that the man whose trick it was might assist the others. He assented with a wave of his hand. Miss Grant came

and stood beside me. The crew worked with a will, thinking perhaps that the lives of the men in the boat away out upon the dirty, shrouded jumble—though God knows where they would be *now*—might depend upon their smartness. But it was three-quarters of an hour before the sailor whom I had relieved came to take the wheel from me again, by which time the brig was once more close-hauled under topsails, main-top-gallant-sail, foresail, and trysail, eating her way into the thickness, that was denser than ever it had been at any other time of the day, and that was already deepening in shade to the gathering shadows of an early night above it. Yet till the close of the second dog-watch Broadwater went on ratching in short boards, the men working without a murmur, without any hint of mutinous reluctance in their movements, for the hope they yet had of surging within sight of the boat. But at eight o'clock it was black night—the blacker for rain and haze—the seas were shouldering blocks of gloom, with wan glares of foam here and there, and a smart rattling of wet flinging to the ear like discharges of musketry from the obscurity along the waist to the fore-castle.

I was then below with Miss Grant, both of us as wearied as if we had shared in the toils of the seamen, and as anxious about the look-out as we were depressed by the incidents of the day. But for our private stock of provisions, no food would have crossed our lips, for the cook had been called from his galley to help to work the ship; no man had been told off to wait upon us aft, and we must have gone to bed after a fast lasting from breakfast, but for the tins of cooked delicacies, the tongues, biscuits, and wines I had been wise enough to liberally provide ourselves with.

It was two bells in the first watch when Broadwater came below. I had long before trimmed and lighted the cabin-lantern, and was sitting at the

table near Miss Grant smoking a cheroot, and endeavouring to extract a little cheerfulness of mind out of a glass of brandy-and-water. This was the first time the captain had left the deck since he had fetched his old blunderbuss. He threw down his sou'-wester that was streaming with wet, pulled off his shaggy pea-coat, which sparkled to the lantern-light with the moisture upon it as though it were crystallized, and all in silence opened a locker, took out a knife and fork, a large cube of corned beef upon a tin plate, a couple of sea-biscuits, a bottle of rum, and a tin pannikin; and then sitting down, squared his elbows and fell to with the avidity of a famished hound, never offering to speak. However, it was ridiculous to suppose that I was to be kept in ignorance of such arrangements as he had made, and such schemes as he had decided upon; and as it was no moment to recall his insult, I waited until he had finished his supper, particularly keeping silent until he had drained his pannikin, and then said bluntly: "I suppose you've given up all hope of finding the boat?"

"All hope," he answered huskily, taking a surly squint at me with his little heartless eyes.

"You are now without a mate," said I, feeling Miss Grant's hand coming to my arm with a sudden pressure of her fingers to the uncontrollable dismay which followed Broadwater's hopeless answer. "You are in a quandary, and can command me if you like."

"Command ye in what way?" he answered, filling his pannikin afresh.

"I'll take the mate's berth, if you choose, but of course only to the extent of helping you in the navigation of the vessel."

"Thank'ee," he answered, in his roughest manner. "I hope to be able to do without you."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said I, and indeed I spoke the truth. "But you surely do not intend to keep a

look-out day and night alone!" I added, for it seemed to me unimaginable that he should find a man forward fit to intrust the charge of the brig to whilst he was taking rest.

He appeared to struggle with his temper, as though he could not force his inclination to answer me through his bad and sullen humour.

Miss Grant suddenly said, "Captain Broadwater, we have a *right* to know what measures you have taken for our safety." Her imperious look appeared to affect him as a command.

"You'll not suppose, mum," said he, "that I should be down here a-taking of it easy, with the idea," he continued, dragging his great watch out and looking at it, "of turning in in a few minutes for a snatch of rest, if I hadn't left matters ship-shape up above," with a jerk of his thumb at the deck.

"I am glad you have found somebody you can trust," said I.

"I dessay ye are," said he, "and so am I, I'm sure;" and then rising and returning the remains of his supper and his bottle of rum to the locker whence he had extracted them, he picked up his coat and sou'-wester and went to his berth.

"Any man," I exclaimed, "would scarcely conceive it possible that an old sea-captain such as Broadwater should coolly go to bed and, supposing he sleeps till midnight, leave his brig absolutely at the mercy of her crew till then—at the mercy of a set of men whose hatred of him all through must have been immeasurably heightened to-day by his barbarous treatment of the poor cabin-boy, and the loss of men that followed. But then, what is the wretched old creature to do! He must get some rest during the twenty-four hours, or else entirely lose the very little sense that he was born with. I'll step on deck and see if I can make out who it is that has charge."

It was a black night. The brig had been brought to her course again, though no doubt some men in Broad-

water's situation would have kept their vessel hove to till dawn, in the hope of picking up the missing boat. The dusk was too thick to enable me to make out what canvas we were under. There was not much weight of wind however, but it was charged with damp, and one found a heaviness in it for that reason perhaps when the weather-roll of the vessel brought it in a gust to the face. I walked right aft to the helm, unable to distinguish anybody on deck, then caught sight of the face of a man named Andrew Wilkins, who stooped his head at the moment into the yellow sheen flowing out of the binnacle to get a better view of the card.

I said to him, "Who has charge?"

"Why, the blooming cook," he answered, with a low laugh.

"The cook?" I cried, thinking he joked.

He laughed again, but without merriment, and said, "Yes, sir; it's old Drainings as is boss just now."

"Where is he?" said I, drawing away from the glare of the binnacle-lamp to look into the darkness forward; but it was not to be penetrated.

"Somewheres to wind'ard, sir, if he ain't gone and turned in," he answered.

I was in the act of groping my way to the weather-side, when it flashed upon me that I might be acting rashly in showing uneasiness or exhibiting inquisitiveness; so I just said in a careless voice to the fellow at the wheel: "'Tis strange for a captain to go to the galley for a chief mate. Perhaps the cook may have been a shipmaster, forced by adversity into boiling beef for sailors. I suppose he would know what to do should heavy weather come along!"

"I heard the capt'n tell him what to do," answered the man. "Should anything happen, he's to hammer the deck with a handspike over the capt'n's head. That's about as much as can be expected of a cook."

"Well," said I, "this is a queer sort of voyage anyhow, as the Yankees would say. Good-night." And with

that I made my way to the hatch, looking into the blackness on the weather-deck for the cook's figure, but without seeing him, though I don't say he was not there, for the sky was of a raven hue; the very substance of the quarter-boat melted into it, and the eye sought in vain for a line of shroud, or for any faintest configuration of canvas on high.

"The cook in command!" cried Miss Grant, when I gave her the news; "it is ridiculous! . . . it is dreadful, Mr. Musgrave!"

I thought so too, though I could not forbear a laugh at the very fancy of it, spite even of the rebuke my momentary merriment found in the startled expression of her eyes.

"I suppose," said I, "that he is the one man on board who enjoys the captain's confidence. He may be the only creature honestly disposed, for all we know, and let us believe that Broadwater has guessed it. After all, I dare say he is as well able to keep a look-out as any other man in the vessel; and absurd as the notion is, yet on reflection I believe old Broadwater to be right for once, and that our slumbers are more likely to be secure with Master Cookee stumping the quarter-deck with a handspike ready to thunder the skipper into vigilance, than were one of the sailors in charge."

However, though after sitting together another hour I induced her to withdraw to her cabin, it took me a long while to persuade myself to follow her example, and by that time it was hard upon midnight. Once or twice I looked through the hatch, but the blackness as before hung extraordinarily thick; there was nothing to be seen, and the wet in the wind made me glad to return to the shelter of the cabin. The brig rolled uneasily, but the motion was comparatively steady, no longer the half-paralyzing jumps and souses of the morning and afternoon. There was a heavy gloom upon my spirits. It was not only the memory of the sight of the cabin-boy clinging in terror to the boom, Broad-

water's red face full of threats and menacing gestures, and the smile the poor lad gave me as he swept astern; there was the thought of Gordon and the two fellows in the boat; the feelings that would be in them, supposing them still alive, as they tossed in their tiny cockle-shell upon the dark hills of sea, without the leanest phantom of star for them to rest their eyes upon, without a fragment of biscuit to appease their hunger, or a drop of fresh water to moisten their lips. These were fancies to put such a chill into the atmosphere of the cabin even, that one shuddered, as at an icy blast, to the mere muffled hum of the wind moaning in the rigging. I rose, for sitting below was like keeping a watch without any purpose in it; and besides, if any one of the sailors should peer through the closed skylights, and spy me leaning with folded arms against the bulkhead wide awake, it might enter the minds of the whole of them to believe that I was in league with the captain, practically keeping a look-out for him, though covertly; and I tell you the mere idea of this sent me to my cabin right off.

About ten minutes after I had tumbled into my bunk I heard a dull pounding noise, and instantly sat up in bed, not a little alarmed by the strange unusual sound, until it occurred to me that it might probably be the cook beating with his handspike over the captain's head to arouse him. The lamp in my cabin was alight, though I had dimmed it. To make sure of that strange battering noise, I went softly to my door and looked out. The door that shut off the after-berths stood open, hooked to the bulkhead, and I had a clear view of a great part of the state cabin, including the companion-steps past the table. After an interval of a minute or two the pounding noise was repeated, and now I was certain that it was the cook beating with a handspike. A third time it came, on this occasion very noisily and with so many hard thumps that one

would have thought the hands were caulking the decks, or, worse still, endeavouring to beat some planks out. The fellow was evidently growing impatient, and he used his hand-spike as though he meant to let the captain know that he wanted to turn in. Shortly after this third thunderous call, Broadwater came out growling like an old dog, and giving the cook a number of hard words, as though indeed the man stood before him. But first he rolled to his locker, muttering his abuse of the cook without intermission, until he silenced himself with a full pannikin of rum. He then, after a slow look round, went on deck, and I returned to my bunk; but four bells had struck before I fell asleep,

so incessantly was I haunted by the vision of the drowning lad, by thoughts of the missing boat, by recollection of the strange melancholy that had fallen upon the spirits of Gordon, by contact, as one might say, with the mysterious sheen of the cold bow of light we had sailed through; and above all by considerations of Miss Grant's and my safety aboard this brig, with a drunken old tyrant for captain and a cook for chief mate, and as ship's company a short-handed crew charged to the throat with mutiny, with one malignant and active principle of evil amongst them in the shape of the half-blood, to whom the Iron Crown's arrival at Rio or any other port meant death!

(To be continued.)

LEIGH HUNT.¹

To compare the peaceful and home-keeping art of criticism to the adventurous one of lighthouse-building may seem an excursion into the heroic-comic, if not into the tragic-burlesque. Neither is it in the least my intention to dwell on a tolerably obvious metaphorical resemblance between the two. It is certainly the business of the critic to warn others off from the mistakes which have been committed by his forerunners, and perhaps (for let us anticipate the crushing wit) from his own. But that is not my reason for the suggestion. There is a story of I forget what lighthouse which Smeaton, or Stevenson, or somebody else, had unusual difficulty in establishing. The rock was too near the surface for it to be safe or practicable to moor barges over it; and it was uncovered for too short a time to enable any solid foundations to be laid or even begun during one tide. So the engineer, with other adventurous persons, got himself landed on it, succeeded after a vain attempt or two in working an iron rod into the middle, and then hung on bodily while the tide was up, that he and his men might begin again as soon as it receded. In a mild and unexciting fashion, that is what the critic has to do—to dig about till he makes a lodgment in his author, hang on to it, and then begin to build. It is not always very easy work, and it is never less easy than in the case of the author whom somebody has kindly called "the Ariel of criticism." Leigh Hunt is an extremely difficult person upon whom to make any critical lodgment, for the reason that (without intending any disrespect by the comparison) he has much less of the rock about him than of the

shifting sand. I do not now speak of the great Skimpole problem—we shall come to that presently—but merely of the writer as shown in his works.

The works themselves are not particularly easy to get together in any complete form, some of them being almost inextricably entangled in defunct periodicals, and others reappearing in different guises in the author's many published volumes. Mr. Kent's bibliography gives forty-six different entries; Mr. Alexander Ireland's (to which he refers) gives, I think, over eighty. Some years ago I remember receiving the catalogue of a second-hand bookseller who offered what he very frankly confessed to be far from a complete collection of the first editions at the price of a score or two of pounds: and here at least the first are in some cases the only issues. Probably this is one reason why selections from Leigh Hunt, of which Mr. Kent's is the latest and best, have been frequent. I have seen two certainly, and I think three, within as many years. Luckily however quite enough for the reader's if not for the critic's purpose is easily obtainable. The poems can be bought in more forms than one: Messrs. Smith and Elder have reprinted cheaply the "Autobiography," "Men, Women, and Books," "Imagination and Fancy," "The Town," "Wit and Humour," "Table Talk," and "A Jar of Honey." Other reprints of "One Hundred Romances of Real Life" (one of his merest pieces of book-making) and of his "Stories from the Italian Poets," one of his worst pieces of criticism, but agreeably reproduced in every respect save the hideous American spelling, have recently appeared. The complete and uniform issue, the want of which to some lovers of books (I own myself among them)

¹ "Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist"; by Charles Kent. London and New York: 1889.

is never quite made up by a scratch company of volumes of all dates, sizes, and prints is indeed wanting. But still you can get a working Leigh Hunt together.

It is when you have got him that your trouble begins; and before it is done the critic, if he be one of those who are not satisfied with a mere "account rendered," is likely to acknowledge that Leigh Hunt, if "Ariel" be in some respects too complimentary a name for him, is at any rate a most tricky spirit. The finest taste in some ways contrasting with what can only be called the most horrible vulgarity in others; a light hand tediously boring again and again at obviously miscomprehended questions of religion, philosophy, and politics; a keen appetite for humour condescending to thin and repeated jests; a reviler of kings going out of his way laboriously to beslave royalty; a man of letters, of talent almost touching genius, who seldom writes a dozen consecutive good pages:—these are only some of the inconsistencies that meet us in Leigh Hunt.

He has related the history of his immediate and remoter forebears with considerable minuteness—with more minuteness indeed by far than he has bestowed upon all but a few passages of his own life. For the general reader however it is quite sufficient to know that his father, the Reverend Isaac Hunt, who belonged to a clerical family in Barbados, went for his education to the still British Provinces of North America, married a Philadelphia girl, Mary Shewell, practised as a lawyer till the Revolution broke out, and then being driven from his adopted country as a loyalist, settled in England, took orders, drifted into Unitarianism or anythingarianism, and ended his days, after not infrequent visits to the King's Bench, comfortably enough, but hanging rather loose on society, his friends, and a pension. Leigh Hunt (his godfathers and godmothers gave him also the names of James Henry, which he dropped) was the youngest son, and was born on

October 19th, 1784. His best youthful remembrance, and one of the most really humorous things he ever said, was that he used after a childish indulgence in bad language to think to himself with a shudder when he received any mark of favour, "Ah! they little suspect I'm the boy who said 'd—n'". But at seven years old he went to Christ's Hospital, and continued there for another seven. His reminiscences of that seminary, put down pretty early, and afterwards embodied in the "Autobiography," are even better known from the fact that they served as a text and as the occasion of a little gentle rillery to Elia's famous essay than in themselves. For some years after leaving school he did nothing definite but write verses, which his father (who seems to have been gifted with a plentiful lack of judgment in most incidents and relations of life) published when the boy was but sixteen. They are as nearly as possible valueless, but they went through three editions in a very short time. It ought to be remembered that except Cowper, who was just dead, and Crabbe, who had for years intermitted writing, the public had only Rogers and Southey for poets, for it would none of the "Lyrical Ballads", and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had not yet been published. So that it did not make one of its worst mistakes in taking up Leigh Hunt, who certainly had poetry in him if he did not put it forth quite so early as this. He was made a kind of lion, but fortunately or unfortunately for him only in middle-class circles where there were no patrons. He was quite an old man—nearly twenty—when he made regular entry into the periodical writing which kept him (with the aid of his friends) for nearly sixty years, by contributing as "Mr. Town, Junior" (altered from an old signature of Colman's) theatrical criticisms, which do not seem to have been paid for, in an evening paper, the "Traveller", now surviving as a second title to the "Globe". His

bent in this direction was assisted by the fact that his elder brother John had been apprenticed to a printer, and had desires to be a publisher. In January, 1808, the two brothers started the "Examiner", and Leigh Hunt edited it with a great deal of courage for fourteen years. He threw away for this the only piece of solid preferment that he ever had, a clerkship in the War Office which Addington gave him. His references to this act of recklessness or self-sacrifice in the *Autobiography* are rather enigmatical. His two functions were no doubt incompatible at best, especially considering the violent Opposition tone which the "Examiner" took. But Leigh Hunt, whatever faults he had, was never a hypocrite; and he hints pretty broadly that if he had not resigned he might have been asked to do so, not from any political reasons, but simply because he did his work very badly. He was much more at home in the "Examiner" (with which for a short time was joined the quarterly "Reflector"), though his warmest admirers candidly admit that he knew nothing about politics. In 1809 he married a Miss Marianne Kent, whose station was not very exalted, and whose son admits with unusual frankness that she was "the reverse of handsome, and without accomplishments", adding rather whimsically that this person, "the reverse of handsome," had "a pretty figure, beautiful black hair and magnificent eyes", and though "without accomplishments" had "a very strong natural turn for plastic art". At any rate she seems to have suited Leigh Hunt admirably. The "Examiner" soon became ill-noted with Government, but it was not till the end of 1812 that a grip could be got of it. Leigh Hunt's offence is in the ordinary books rather undervalued. That he (or his contributor) called the Prince Regent as is commonly said "a fat Adonis of fifty" (the exact words are "this Adonis in loveliness is a corpulent man of fifty") may have been the chief sting, but was certainly

not the chief legal offence. Leigh Hunt called the ruler of his country "a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of demireps, a man who had just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity". It might be true or it might be false; but certainly there was then not a country in Europe where it would have been allowed to be said of the chief of the state. And I am not sure that it could be said now anywhere but in Ireland, where considerably worse things were said with impunity of Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan. At any rate the brothers were prosecuted and fined five hundred pounds each, with two years' imprisonment. The sentence was carried out; but Leigh Hunt's imprisonment in Horsemonger Lane Gaol was the merest farce of incarceration. He could not indeed go beyond the prison walls. But he had a comfortable suite of rooms which he was permitted to furnish and decorate just as he liked: he was allowed to have his wife and family with him: he had a tiny garden of his own, and free access to that of the prison: he was allowed endless visitors, who brought him presents just as they chose; and he became a kind of fashion with the Opposition. Jeremy Bentham came and played at battledore and shuttlecock with him:—an almost appalling idea, for it will not do to trust too implicitly to Leigh Hunt's declaration that Jeremy's object was to suggest "an improvement in the constitution of shuttlecocks". The "Examiner" itself continued undisturbed, and except the "I can't get out" feeling, which even of itself cannot be compared for one moment to that of a modern prisoner condemned to his cell and the exercising-ground, it is rather difficult to see much reason for Leigh Hunt's complaints. The imprisonment may have affected his health, but it certainly brought him troops of friends, and gave him leisure

to do not only his journalist's work but things much more serious. Here he wrote and published his first poem since the *Juvenilia*, "A Feast of the Poets" (not much of a thing), and here he wrote, though he did not publish it till his liberation, the "Story of Rimini", by far his most important poem, both for intrinsic character and for influence on others. He had known Lamb from boyhood, and Shelley some years: he now made the acquaintance of Keats, Hazlitt, and Byron.

In the next five years after his liberation he did a great deal of work, the best by far (as I have the pleasure of agreeing with Mr. Kent) being the periodical called the "Indicator," a weekly paper which ran for sixty-six numbers. The "Indicator" was the first thing that I ever read of Hunt's and, by no means for that reason only, I think it the best. Its buttonholing papers, of a kind since widely imitated, were the most popular; but there are romantic things in it, such as "The Daughter of Hippocrates", which seem to me better. It was at the end of these five years that Leigh Hunt resolved upon the second adventure (his imprisonment being the first and involuntary) of his otherwise easy-going life—an adventure the immediate consequences of which were unfortunate in many ways, but which supplied him with a good deal of literary material. This was his visit to Italy as a kind of literary *attaché* to Lord Byron and editor of a quarterly magazine, the "Liberal." The idea was Shelley's, and if Shelley had lived it might not have resulted quite so disastrously, for Shelley was absolutely untiring as a helper of lame dogs over stiles. As it was, the excursion distinctly contradicted the saying (condemned by some as immoral) that a bad beginning makes a good ending. The Hunt family, which now included several children, embarked, in November of all months in the year, on a small sailing-ship for Italy. They were something like a month getting down the Channel in tremendous weather, and at last when their ship

had to turn tail from near Scilly and run into Dartmouth, Hunt, whose wife was extremely ill of lung-disease, made up his mind to stay for the winter in Devonshire. He passed the time pleasantly enough at Plymouth, which they left once more in May, 1822, reaching Leghorn at the end of June. Shelley's death happened within ten days of their arrival, and Byron and Leigh Hunt were left to get on together. How badly they got on is pretty generally known, might have been foreseen from the beginning, and is not very profitable to dwell on. Leigh Hunt's mixture of familiarity and "airs" could not have been worse mixed to suit the taste of Byron. The "noble poet" too was not a person who liked to be spunged upon; and his coolest admirers may sympathize with his disgust when he found that he had upon his hands a man of letters with a large family whom he was literally expected to keep, whose society was disagreeable to him, who lampooned his friends (for Leigh Hunt, somewhat on Lamb's system of compensation for coming late by going away early, combined his readiness to receive favours with a practice of not acknowledging the slightest obligation for them), and who differed with him on every point of taste. Byron's departure for Greece was in its way lucky, but it left Leigh Hunt stranded. He remained in Italy for rather more than three years and then returned home across the Continent. The "Liberal," which contains work of his, of Byron's, of Shelley's, and of Hazlitt's, is interesting enough and worth buying in its original form, but it did not pay. Of the unlucky book on his relations with Byron which followed—the worst act by far of his life—I shall not say much. No one has attempted to defend it, and he himself apologizes for it frankly and fully in his *Autobiography*. It is impossible, however, not to remark that the offence was much aggravated by its deliberate character. For the book was not published in the heat of the moment, but three years

after Hunt's return to England and four after Byron's death.

The remaining thirty years of Hunt's life were wholly literary. As for residences, he hovered about London, living successively at Highgate, Epsom, Brompton, Chelsea, Kensington, and divers other places. At Chelsea he was very intimate with the Carlyles, and, while he was perhaps of all living men of letters most leniently judged by those not particularly lenient judges, we have nowhere such vivid glimpses of Hunt's peculiar weaknesses as in the memoirs of Carlyle and his wife. Why Leigh Hunt was always in such difficulties it is impossible to say, for he was the reverse of an idle man; he seems, though thriftless, to have been by no means very sumptuous in his way of living; everybody helped him, and his writing was always popular. He appears to have felt not a little sore that "nothing was done for him" when his political friends came into power after the Reform Bill—and remained there for almost the whole of the rest of his life. He had certainly in some senses borne the burden and heat of the day for Liberalism. But he was one of those reckless people who, without meaning to offend anybody in particular, offend friends as well as foes; the days of sinecures were even then passing or passed; and it is very difficult to conceive any office, even with the lightest duties, in which Leigh Hunt would not have come to grief. As for his writing, his son's earnest plea as to his not being an idle man is no doubt true enough, but he never seems to have reconciled himself to the regular drudgery of miscellaneous article writing for newspapers which is almost the only kind of journalism that really pays, and his books did not sell very largely. In his latter days however things became easier for him. The unflinching kindness of the Shelley family gave him (in 1844 when Sir Percy Shelley came into his property) a regular annuity of £120; two royal gifts of £200 each and in 1847 a pension of the same amount

were added; and two benefit nights of Dickens's famous amateur company brought him in something like a cool thousand, as Dickens himself would have said. Of his last years Mr. Kent, who was intimate with him, gives much the pleasantest account known to me. He died on August 28th, 1859, surviving his wife only two years.

I can imagine some one, at the name of Dickens in the preceding paragraph, thinking or saying that if the author of "Bleak House" raised a thousand pounds for his old friend he took the value of it and infinitely more out of him. It is impossible to shirk the Skimpole affair in any really critical notice of Leigh Hunt. To put unpleasant things briefly, that famous character was at once recognised by every one as, to say the least, a brilliant if unkindly caricature of what an enemy might have said of the author of "Rimini". Thornton Hunt, the eldest of Leigh Hunt's children, and a writer of no small power, took the matter up and forced from Dickens a contradiction, or disavowal, which I am afraid the recording angel must have had some little difficulty with. Strangely enough the last words of Macaulay's that we have concern this affair; and they may be quoted as Sir George Trevelyan gives them, written by his uncle in those days at Holly Lodge when the shadow of death was heavy on him.

December 23, 1859. An odd declaration by Dickens that he did not mean Leigh Hunt by Harold Skimpole. Yet he owns that he took the light externals of the character from Leigh Hunt, and surely it is by those light externals that the bulk of mankind will always recognise character. Besides, it is to be observed that the vices of H. S. are vices to which L. H. had, to say the least, some little leaning, and which the world generally attributed to him most unsparingly. That he had loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*; that he had no high feeling of independence; that he had no sense of obligation; that he took money wherever he could get it; that he felt no gratitude for it; that he was just as ready to defame a person who had relieved

his distress as a person who had refused him relief—these were things which, as Dickens must have known, were said, truly or falsely, about L. H., and had made a deep impression on the public mind.

Now Macaulay has not always been leniently judged; but I do not think that, with the single exception of Croker's case, he can be accused of having borne hardly on the moral character of any one of his contemporaries. He had befriended Leigh Hunt in every way: he had got him into the "Edinburgh"; he had lent (that is to say given) him money freely, and I do not think that his fiercest enemy can seriously think that he bore Hunt a grudge for having told him, as he himself records, that the "Lays" were not so good as Spenser, whom Macaulay in one of the rare lapses of his memory had unjustly blasphemed, and whom Leigh Hunt adored. To my mind, if there were any doubt about Dickens's intention, or about the fitting in a certain sense of the cap, this testimony of Macaulay's would settle it. But I cannot conceive any doubt remaining in the mind of any person who has read Leigh Hunt's works, who has even read the Autobiography. Of the grossest faults in Skimpole's character, such as the selling of Jo's secret, Leigh Hunt was indeed incapable, and the insertion of these is at once a blot on Dickens's memory, and a kind of excuse for his disclaimer; but as regards the lighter touches the likeness is unmistakable. Skimpole's most elaborate jests about "pounds" are hardly an exaggeration of the man who gravely and more than once tells us that his difficulties and irregularities with money came from a congenital incapacity to appreciate arithmetic, and who admits that Shelley (whose affairs he knew very well) once gave him no less than fourteen hundred pounds (that is to say some eighteen months of Shelley's income at his wealthiest) to clear him, and that he was not cleared, though apparently he gave Shelley to understand that he was.

There are many excuses for him which Skimpole had not. His own pleas of tropical blood and so forth will not greatly avail. But the old patron-theory and its more subtle transformation (the influence of which is sometimes shown even by Thackeray in the act of denouncing it), that the State or the public, or somebody, is bound to look after your man of genius, had bitten deep into the being of the literary man of our grandfathers' time. Anybody who has read a very interesting book published the other day, "Thomas Poole and his Friends", must have seen how not merely Coleridge, of whose known liability to the weakness the book furnished new proofs, but even to some extent and vicariously the austere Wordsworth, cherished the idea. But for the most part men kept it to themselves. Leigh Hunt never could keep anything to himself, and he has left record on record of the easy manner in which he acted on his beliefs.

For this I own to care little, especially since he never borrowed money of me. There is a Statute of Limitations for all such things in letters as well as in law. What is much harder to forgive is the ill-bred pertness, often if not always innocent enough in intention, but rather the worse than the better for that, which mars so much of his actual literary work. When almost an old man he wrote—when a very old man he quotes, with childlike surprise that any one should see anything objectionable in them—the following lines:

Perhaps you have known what it is to
feel longings,
To pat buxom shoulders at routs and mad
throngings—
Well—think what it was at a vision like
that!
A grace after dinner! a Venus grown
fat!

It would be almost unbelievable of any man but Leigh Hunt that he placidly remarks in reference to this impertinence that "he had not the pleasure of Lady Blessington's ac-

quaintance", as if that did not make things ten times worse. He had laid the foundation of not a few of the literary enmities he suffered from by writing, thirty years earlier, a "Feast of the Poets", on the pattern of Suckling, in which he took, though much more excusably, the same kind of ill-bred liberties; and similar things abound in his works. It is scarcely surprising that the good Macvey Napier (rather awkwardly, and giving Macaulay much trouble to patch things up) should have said that he would like a "gentleman-like" article from Mr. Hunt for the "Edinburgh"; and the taunt of the "cockney school" undoubtedly derived its venom from this weakness of his. Lamb was not descended from the kings that long the Tuscan sceptre swayed, and had some homely ways: Keats had to do with livery-stables, Hazlitt with shady lodging-houses and lodging-house keepers. But Keats might have been, whatever his weaknesses, his own and Spenser's Sir Calidore for gentle feeling and conduct: the man who called Lamb vulgar would only prove his own vulgarity; and Hazlitt, though he had some darker stains on his character than any that rest on Hunt, was far too potent a spirit for the fire within him not to burn out mere vulgarity. Leigh Hunt I fear must be allowed to be now and then merely vulgar—a Pogson of talent, of genius, of immense amiability, of rather hard luck, but still of the Pogsons, Pogsonic.

As I shall have plenty of good to say of him, I may as well despatch at once whatever else I have to say that is bad, which is little. The faults of taste which have just been noticed passed easily into occasional, though only occasional, faults of criticism. I do not recommend anybody who has not the faculty of critical adjustment, and who wants to like Leigh Hunt, to read his essay on Dante in the "Italian Poets". For flashes of crass insensibility to great poetry it is difficult to match anywhere, and impossible

to match in Leigh Hunt. His favourite theological doctrine, like that of Béranger's hero, was, *Ne damnons personne*. He did not like monarchy, and he did not understand metaphysics. So the great poet, who, more than any other great poet except Shakespeare, grows on those who read him, receives from Leigh Hunt not an honest confession, like Sir Walter's, that he does not like him, which is perhaps the first honest impression of the majority of Dante's readers, but tirade upon tirade of abuse and bad criticism. Further Leigh Hunt's unfortunate necessity of preserving his own journalism has made him keep a thousand things that he ought to have left to the kindly shade of the newspaper files—a cemetery where, thank Heaven, the tombs are not open as in the other city of Dis. The book called "Table Talk", for instance, contains, with a little better matter, chiefly mere rubbish like this section:

BEAUMARCHAIS.

Beaumarchais, author of the celebrated comedy of "Figaro," an abridgment of which has been rendered more famous by the music of Mozart, made a large fortune by supplying the American republicans with arms and ammunition, and lost it by speculations in salt and printing. His comedy is one of those productions which are accounted dangerous, from developing the spirit of intrigue and gallantry with more gaiety than objection; and they would be more unanimously so, if the good humour and self-examination to which they excite did not suggest a spirit of charity and inquiry beyond themselves.

Leigh Hunt tried almost every conceivable kind of literature, including a historical novel, "Sir Ralph Esher", several dramas (one or two of which, the "Legend of Florence" being the chief, got acted), and at nearly the beginning and nearly the end of his career two religious works, or works on religion, an attack on Methodism and "The Religion of the Heart". All this we may not unkindly brush away, and consider him first as a poet, secondly as a critic, and thirdly as

what can be best, though rather unphilosophically, called a miscellanist.

Few good judges nowadays, I think, would deny that Leigh Hunt had a certain faculty for poetry, and fewer still would rank it very high. To something like but less than the tunefulness of Moore, he joined a very much better taste in models and an infinitely wider and deeper study of them. There is no doubt that his versification in "Rimini" (which may be described as Chaucerian in basis with a strong admixture of Dryden, further crossed and dashed slightly with the peculiar music of the followers of Spenser, especially Browne and Wither) had a very strong influence both on Keats and on Shelley, and that it drew from them music much better than itself. This fluent, musical, many-coloured verse was a capital medium for tale-telling, and Leigh Hunt is always at his best when he employs it. The more varied measures and the more ambitious aim of "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" seem to me very much less successful.

Nor only was Leigh Hunt far from strong enough for a serious argument, but the cheery, sentimental optimism of which he was one of the most persevering exponents—the kind of thing which vehemently protests that in the good time coming nobody shall be damned, or starved, or put in prison, or subjected to the perils of villanous saltpetre, or prevented from doing just what he likes, and that all existence ought to be and shortly will be a vaguely refined beer and skittles—did not lend itself very well to verse. Nor are Hunt's lyrics particularly strong. His best thing by far is the charming trifle (the heroine being, it seems, Mrs. Carlyle) which he called a "rondeau", though it is not one.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in :
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in !
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old—but add,
Jenny kissed me.

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Even here it may be noticed that though the last four lines could hardly be bettered, the second couplet is rather weak. Some of Leigh Hunt's sonnets, especially that which he wrote on the Nile in rivalry with Shelley and Keats, are very good.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its
sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading
a dream ;
And times and things, as in that vision,
seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands ;—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd-
bands
That roamed through the young earth, the
glory extreme
Of high Sesostriis, and that southern beam,
*The laughing queen that caught the world's
great hands.*
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and
strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us ; and then we
wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
Twixt villages, and think how we shall
take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

This was written in 1818, and I think it will be admitted that the italicised line is a rediscovery of a cadence which had been lost for centuries, and which has been constantly borrowed and imitated since.

Every now and then he had touches of something much above his usual style, as in the concluding lines of the whimsical "flyting," as the Scotch poets of the fifteenth century would have called it, between the Man and the Fish :

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves
and graves,
Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs
austere,
Heaven-gazing ; and his angel-wings he
craves :
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague
yet clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round
waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting
fear.

As a rule, however, his poetry has

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little or nothing of this kind, and he will hold his place in the English *corpus poetarum*, first, because he was an associate of better poets than himself; secondly, because he invented a medium for the poetic tale which was as poetical as Crabbe's was prosaic; thirdly, because of all persons perhaps who have ever attempted English verse on their own account, he had the most genuine affection for, and the most intimate and extensive acquaintance with, the triumphs of his predecessors in poetry. Of prose he was a much less trustworthy judge, as may be instanced once for all by his pronouncing Gibbon's style to be bad; but of poetry he could tell with an extraordinary mixture of sympathy and discretion. And this will introduce us to his second faculty, the faculty of literary criticism, in which he is, with all his drawbacks, on a level with Coleridge, with Lamb, and with Hazlitt, his defects as compared with them being in each case made up by compensatory, or more than compensatory, merits.

How considerable a critic Leigh Hunt was, may be judged from the fact that he himself confesses the great critical fault of his principal poem—the selection for amplification and paraphrase of a subject which has once for all been treated with imperial and immortal brevity by a great poet. With equal ingenuousness and equal truth he further confesses that, at the time, he not only did not see this fault but was critically incapable of seeing it. For there is that one comfort about this uncomfortable and discredited art of ours, that age at any rate does not impair it. The first sprightly runnings of criticism are never the best; and in the case of all really great critics, from Dryden to Sainte-Beuve, the critical faculty has gone on constantly increasing. The chief examples of Leigh Hunt's critical accomplishment are to be found in the two books called respectively "*Wit and Humour*" and "*Imagination and Fancy*", both being selections from

the English poets, with critical remarks interspersed as a sort of running commentary. But hardly any book of his is quite barren of such examples: for he neither would, nor indeed apparently could, restrain his desultory fancy from this as from other indulgences. His criticism is very distinct in kind. It is almost purely and in the strict and proper sense æsthetic—that is to say, it does hardly anything but reproduce the sensations produced upon Hunt himself by the reading of his favourite passages. As his sense of poetry was extraordinarily keen and accurate, there is perhaps no body of "beauties" of English poetry to be found anywhere in the language which is selected with such uniform and unerring judgment as this or these. Even Lamb, in his own favourite subjects and authors, misses treasure-trove which Leigh Hunt unfailingly discovers, as in the now pretty generally acknowledged case of the character of De Flores in Middleton's "*Changeling*". And Lamb had a much less wide and a much more crotchety system of admissions and exclusions. Macaulay was perfectly right in fixing, at the beginning of his essay on the dramatists of the Restoration, upon this catholicity of Hunt's taste as the main merit in it; and it is really a great pity that the two volumes referred to were not, as they were intended to be, followed up by others respectively devoted to Action and Passion, Contemplation and Song. But Leigh Hunt was sixty when he planned them, and age, infirmity, perhaps also the less pressing need which the comparative affluence of his later years brought, prevented the completion. It has also to be remarked that Hunt is much better as a taster than as a professor or expounder. He says indeed many happy things about his favourite passages, but they evidently represent rather afterthought than forethought. He is not good at generalities, and when he tries them is apt, instead of flying (as an Ariel

of criticism should do), to sprawl. Yet it was impossible for a man who was so almost invariably right in particulars to go very wrong in general; and the worst that can be said of Leigh Hunt's general critical axioms and conclusions is that they are much better than the reasons that support them. For instance, he is probably right in calling the famous "intellectual" and "henpecked you all" in "Don Juan", "the happiest triple rhyme ever written". But when he goes on to say that "the sweepingness of the assumption completes the flowing breadth of the effect", he goes very near to talking nonsense. For most people, however, a true opinion persuasively stated is of much more consequence than the most elaborate logical justification of it; and it is this that makes Leigh Hunt's criticism such excellent good reading. It is impossible not to feel that when a guide (which after all a critic should be) is recommended with cautions that, though an invaluable fellow for the most part, he is not unlikely in certain places to lead the traveller over a precipice, it is a very dubious kind of recommendation. Yet this is the way in which one has to speak of Jeffrey and Hazlitt, of Wilson and De Quincey, perhaps even of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Of Leigh Hunt it need hardly ever be said; for in the unlucky diatribes on Dante above cited the most unwary reader can see that his author has lost his temper and with it his head. As a rule he avoids the things that he is not qualified to judge, such as the rougher and sublimer parts of poetry. Of its sweetness and its music, of its grace and its wit, of its tenderness and its fancy no better judge ever existed than Leigh Hunt. He jumped at such things, when he came near them, almost as involuntarily as a needle to a magnet.

He was, however, perhaps most popular in his own time, and certainly he owed most of the not excessive share of pecuniary profit which fell to his lot, as what I have called a miscel-

lanist. One of the things which have not yet been sufficiently done in the criticism of English literary history is a careful review of the successive steps by which the periodical essay of Addison and his followers during the eighteenth century passed into the magazine-paper of our own days. The later examples of the eighteenth century, the "Observers" and "Connoisseurs," the "Loungers" and "Mirrors" and "Lookers-On," are fairly well worth reading in themselves, especially as the little volumes of the "British Essayists" go capitally in a travelling-bag; but the gap between them and the productions of Leigh Hunt, of Lamb, and of the Blackwood men, with Præd's school-boy attempts not left out, is a very considerable one. Leigh Hunt is himself entitled to a high place in the new school so far as mere priority goes, and to one not low in actual merit. He relates himself, more than once, with the childishness which is the good side of his Skimpolism, how not merely his literary friends but persons of quality had special favourites among the miscellaneous papers of the "Indicator", like (he would certainly have used the parallel himself if he had known it or thought of it) the Court of France with Marot's Psalms. This miscellaneous work of his extended, as it ought to do, to all manner of subjects. The pleasantest example to my fancy is the book called "The Town", a gossiping description of London from St. Paul's to St. James's, which he afterwards followed up with books on the West End and Kensington, and which, though of course second-hand as to its facts, is by no means uncritical, and by far the best reading of any book of its kind. Even the Autobiography might take rank in this class; and the same kind of stuff made up the staple of the numerous periodicals which Leigh Hunt edited or wrote, and of the still more numerous books which he compounded out of the dead periodicals. It may be that a severe criticism will declare

that here as well as elsewhere he was more original than accomplished; and that his way of treating subjects was pursued with better success by his imitators than by himself. Such a paper, for instance, as "On Beds and Bedrooms," suggests (and is dwarfed by the suggestion) Lamb's "Convalescent" and other similar work. "Jack Abbott's Breakfast", which is, or was, exceedingly popular with Hunt's admirers, is an account of the misfortunes of a luckless young man who goes to breakfast with an absent-minded pedagogue, and, being turned away empty, orders successive refreshments at different coffee-houses, each of which proves a feast of Tantalus. The idea is not bad; but the carrying out suits the stage better than the study, and is certainly far below such things as Maginn's adventures of Jack Ginger and his friends, with the tale that Humphries did not tell Harlow. "A Few Remarks on the Rare Vice called Lying" is a most promising title; he must be a very good-natured judge who finds appended to it a performing article. "The Old Lady" and "The Old Gentleman" were once great favourites: they seem to have been studied from Earle's "Microcosmography", not the least excellent of the books that have proceeded from foster children of Walter de Merton, but they are over-laboured in particulars; so too are "The Adventures of Carlington Blundell" and "Inside of an Omnibus". Leigh Hunt's humour is so devoid of bitterness that it sometimes becomes insipid; his narrative so fluent and gossiping that it sometimes becomes insignificant. His enemies called him immoral, which appears to have been a gross calumny so far as his private life was concerned, and is certainly a gross exaggeration as regards his writing; but he was rather too much given to dally about voluptuous subjects with a sort of chuckling epicene triviality. He is so far from being passionate that he sometimes becomes almost offensive. He is terribly apt to la-

bour a conceit or a prettiness till it becomes vapid; and his "Criticism on Female Beauty", though it contains some extremely sensible remarks, also contains much which is suggestive of Mr. Tupman. Yet his miscellaneous writing has one great merit, besides its gentle playfulness and its untiring variety, which might procure pardon for worse faults. With no one perhaps are those literary memories which transform and vivify life so constantly present as with Leigh Hunt. Although the world was a perfectly real thing to him, and not by any means seen only through the windows of a library, he took everywhere with him the remembrances of what he had read, and they helped him to clothe and colour what he saw and what he wrote. Between him, therefore, and readers who themselves have read a good deal, and loved what they have read not a little, there is always something in common; and yet probably no bookish writer has been less resented by his unbookish readers as a thruster of the abominable things—superior knowledge and superior scholarship—upon them. Some vices of the (I fear I must say it) snob Leigh Hunt undoubtedly had, but he was never in the least a pretentious snob. He quotes his books not in the spirit of a man who is looking down on his fellows from a proper elevation, but in the spirit of a kindly host who is anxious that his guests should enjoy the good things on his table.

It is this sincere and unostentatious love of letters and anxiety to spread the love of letters, that is the redeeming point of Leigh Hunt throughout: he is saved *quia multum amavit*. It was this which prompted that rather grandiose but still admirable palinode of Christopher North, in August, 1834,—“the Animosities are mortal: but the Humanities live for ever,”—an apology which naturally enough pleased Hunt very much. He is one of those persons with whom it is impossible to be angry, or at least to be angry long. “The bailiff who took him was fond of him,” it is recorded of Captain Costi-

gan; and in milder moments the same may be said of the critical bailiffs who are compelled to "take" Leigh Hunt in letters and in life. Even in his least happy books (such as the "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," where all sorts of matter, some of it by no means well known to the writer, have been hastily cobbled together) this love, and for the most part intelligent and animated love, for literature appears. If in another of his least happy attempts, the critical parts of the already mentioned "Stories from the Italian Poets," he is miles below the great argument of Dante, and if he is even guilty to some extent of vulgarizing the lesser but still great poets with whom he deals, he never comes even in Dante to any passage he can understand without exhibiting such a warmth of enthusiasm and enjoyment that it softens the stoniest readers. He can gravely call Dante's Hell "geologically speaking a most fantastical formation" (which it certainly is), and joke clumsily about the poet's putting Cunizza and Rahab in Paradise. He can write in the true spirit of vulgarizing, that "the Florentine is thought to have been less strict in his conduct in regard to the sex than might be supposed from his platonical aspirations," heedless of the great confessions implied in the swoon at Francesca's story, and the passage through the fire at the end of the seventh circle of Purgatory. But when he comes to things like "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro," and "Era già l'ora," it is hardly possible to do more justice to the subject. The whole description of his Italian sojourn in the Autobiography is an example of the best kind of such writing. Of all the people again who have rejoiced in Samuel Pepys, Leigh Hunt "does it most natural," being indeed a kind of nineteenth century Pepys himself, whom the gods had made less comfortable in worldly circumstances and no man of business, but to whom as a compensation they had given the feeling for poetry which Samuel lacked.

At different times Dryden, Spenser, and Chaucer were respectively his favourite English poets; and as there was nothing faithless in his inconstancy, he took up his new loves without ceasing to love the old. It is perhaps rather more surprising that he should have liked Spenser than that he should have liked the other two; and we must suppose that the profusion of beautiful pictures in the "Faerie Queen" enabled him, not to appreciate (for he never could have done that), but to tolerate or pass over the deep melancholy and the occasional philosophizings of the poet. But the attraction of Dryden and Chaucer for him is very easily understood. Both are eminently cheerful poets, Dryden with the cheerfulness born of manly sense, Chaucer with that of youth and abounding animal spirits. Leigh Hunt seems to have found this cheerfulness as akin to his own, as the vigour of both was complementary and satisfactory to his own, I shall not say weakness but, fragility. Add yet again to this that Hunt seems—a thing very rarely to be said of critics—never to have disliked a thing merely because he could not understand it. If he sometimes abused Dante, it was not merely because he could not understand him, though he certainly could not, but because Dante trod (and when Dante treads he treads heavily) on his most cherished prejudices. Now he had not very many prejudices, and so he had an advantage here also.

Lastly, as he may be read with pleasure, he may be skipped without shame. There are some writers whom to skip may seem to a conscientious devotee of letters both wicked and unwise—wicked because it is disrespectful to them, unwise because it is quite likely to inflict loss on the reader. Now nobody can ever think of respecting Leigh Hunt: he is not unfrequently amiable, but never in the least venerable. Even at his best he seldom or never affects the reader with admiration, only with a mild pleasure. It is

at once a penalty for his sins and a compliment to his good qualities, that to make any kind of fuss over him would be absurd. Nor is there any selfish risk run by treating him in the literary sense in an unceremonious manner. His stories, when they are stories, move from pillar to post only: his criticisms have hardly any thread of argument, and rarely attempt to illustrate, still more rarely succeed in illustrating, any connected set of propositions. His miscellaneous writing of all kinds carries desultoriness to the height, and may be begun at the beginning, or at the end, or in the middle, and left off at any place without the least risk of serious loss. He is excellent good company for half-an-hour, sometimes for much longer; but the reader rarely thinks very much of what he has said when the interview is over, and never

experiences any violent hunger or thirst for its renewal, though such renewal is agreeable enough in its way. Such an author is a convenient possession on the shelves: a possession so convenient that occasionally a blush of shame may suggest itself at the thought that he should be treated so cavalierly. But this is quixotic. The very best things that he has done hardly deserve more respectful treatment, for they are little more than a faithful and fairly lively description of his own enjoyments: the worst things deserve treatment much less respectful. Yet let us not leave him with a harsh word; for, as has been said, he loved the good literature of others very much, and he wrote not a little that was good literature of his own.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN BERLIN.

A GREAT change has come over Berlin during the last eighteen years, a change no less material and social than political. For it must be remembered that Berlin was in 1870 only in a restricted sense capital of Germany. It was one of a number of Residenzstädte, towns where the kings of the various states had fixed their court; and was little more than the big brother, as it were, of Munich, Dresden, Stuttgart and other towns. The establishment of the empire in 1871 first made Berlin a capital in the real sense of the word, and the Residenzstadt of Prussia with its eight or nine hundred thousand inhabitants has grown into the capital of Germany with a population of something like two millions. The consequences of this tremendous change are of the most complex character, and the student of social life as well as of political institutions will find much to muse over as he watches the movement which has been going on these eighteen years, and is still proceeding with unabated vigour.

The city has become the most interesting in Europe, and its dull, prosaic character has been relieved by the pathetic, the tragic events of which it was last year the scene. One feels that to live in Berlin, to be present as event succeeds event, is like living history. To watch the pageant of funeral and coronation with one's own eyes, to stroll into the animated cafés and hear the eager discussion of what has been, what is, and what may be, to rush into the crowded streets and buy the evening paper containing some new *pronunciamento* of the great Chancellor, all this throws a glamour over the scene of excitement, which may well bewilder one's judgment of men and things. Little apology then

is needed for an attempt to strip off the veil, and to show how the city and its inhabitants come out under candid, but not, it is hoped, unfair criticism. An Englishman is not perhaps the best person in the world to undertake the task; his reception at present in Berlin is not of that cordial kind which would leave him too friendly an impression. But if the probabilities are against an Englishman's being an unbiased critic, where is such an one to be found? The jealous, self-centred patriotism of Berlin makes it hard to say.

However, to take the English traveller, his first impressions of Berlin are likely to be full of woeful disappointment, only to be deepened as his acquaintance grows. Frederick the Great worked hard to beautify this town of his choice, but it cannot be said that, with all his efforts and all the energy of recent years, it is a town which strikes a stranger familiar with London or Paris as one of grandeur or even of dignity. To begin with, there only exists one church of architectural interest—interest, because the beauty of the Klosterkirche has been destroyed by additions made about the middle of the present century. As for the cathedral, that is a late, domed edifice, no larger than a decent parish church in this country. This poverty is unique. Look where you will over Europe and you will not find a single town of capital importance so void of that crowning ornament to a city, a fine ecclesiastical building. The defect cannot be exaggerated. Such buildings are the durable record of a city's life; each weather-beaten stone has an interest no less human than scientific, no less romantic than artistic. We have our St. Paul's and Westminster

Abbey, the Parisians their Notre Dame, Vienna its St. Stephen's, Rome its St. Peter's; but there are no such sermons in stone to be read in Berlin, no building to be admired for its beauty or revered for its age. Conceive Paris without Notre Dame. The effect is nothing short of robbing French literature of Victor Hugo!

Nor is Berlin much better off for secular buildings. None of them save an inconsiderable fragment of the old Schloss date earlier than the seventeenth century, and the bulk of the old Schloss is a decaying plaster-faced pile of that unfortunate period. The palaces of the late Emperor William, and of the Emperor Frederick as Crown Prince were built, the former some fifty years ago, the latter thirty, and though both insignificant in size as compared with Buckingham Palace, may be admitted to compete with it in point of style. The Emperor William's palace has, however, one interesting feature, strikingly indicative of the simplicity of the man and of his mode of life. There is no jealously guarded gravel-space about it: it abuts on the public street, and is not above sharing one of its walls with an hotel; for it is after all but a semi-detached residence.

If we turn to the university, the museums, the galleries, whatever the richness of their contents, the scene of outer desolation is the same. The university has the external appearance of a riding-school. The old museum has, it is true, a fine open space in front of it, but, though in the Grecian style, cannot be said to have in itself anything of the vast and solemn effect of the British Museum. Where the one is vast and solemn, the other is heavy and dull. Indeed an Englishman disposed to cavil at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square would do well to visit Berlin. He will return with a chastened admiration of that much maligned building. Even the vaunted opera-house has more than its match at Dresden, at Munich, at Frankfort, not to go out of Germany.

But perhaps as a monument the Berliner is proudest of the Brandenburger Thor, and the effect of this is certainly fine, standing as it does, a genuine gate, at the end of the Linden. To correctly appraise it, however, as a monument, it may be said to hold an intermediate position between the Marble Arch and the Arc de Triomphe. The candid omnibus-driver would at once admit its superiority to the former, and only a Berliner would deny its inferiority to the latter. Perhaps it is churlish thus to look the gift-horses that crown the Brandenburger Thor in the mouth. The gate is a gate, which is more than can be said for either of its rivals.

The scene of desolation is completed by a review of the streets. The mention of Berlin brings up irresistibly the name of its principal street, Unter den Linden. The Linden has a world-wide reputation; here, if anywhere, the sinking heart of the traveller may expect some cheer. But here again disappointment awaits him. In the first place the street is little more than half a mile in length, and the lime-trees and chestnuts which form its central avenue are woefully ragged and ill-grown. It is fair to admit that the trees are now recognized to have sunk to a secondary importance even in their own function; the real avenue is composed of two rows of iron posts, a trifle taller than the trees, which have been erected to carry the electric light. The strange thing is that the trees have not been replaced altogether by a double row of wire-laden telegraph poles, and the suggestion is here offered in all humility to Berlin vestrydom.

The average street is painfully uninteresting. Moorgate Street from the Bank to London Wall is the very image of the better-class among them. There is the same straightness, the same smug uniformity, the same dull stucco-fronted respectability. One advantage might have been possessed by the Berlin streets, had it not been recklessly thrown away. Their architects are not afraid of balconies. But the

Berlin balcony has none of the airiness and daintiness of its Parisian model. So far from lightening the general effect of a house-front, the balconies positively encumber it.

In short, churches, palaces, museums, and streets are entirely without any grace to please or fantasy to amuse even the least exacting eye. The city is a loaf of solid dough.

The sole elements of the picturesque are to be found after diligent search in some few of the dirty alleys leading down to the Spree, and in meagre vistas afforded by the canal, which runs, almost as unsuspected as the Regent's Canal, through a portion of the city. All the more delightful because of this general poverty, is the escape through the Brandenburger Thor into the leafy recesses of the Thiergarten, the one ornament of which Berlin may be justly proud. As a park we have nothing to compare to it. It is true that our ideas of a park are essentially different from those of other nations. We like broad sweeps of turf with trees standing solitary or in clumps; the Germans like thick-set plantations with a maze of green alleys for riding or walking. After all it is matter of taste; but to an Englishman there is a freshness in the change from the stony clatter of the Linden into the forest of the Thiergarten which is not to be got by passing out of Knightsbridge into Hyde Park.

Such, then, being the city, it is not reasonable to expect too much of its inhabitants. Their environment is not such as would breed instincts of refinement or encourage the growth of the more graceful among the elements which make up a man's character. But there is another reason why it is unfair to criticise social Berlin as unsparingly as material Berlin. Middle-class society there is in a transition stage. The passage from the position of a Residenzstadt to that of an Imperial capital has been too sudden. The people's heads have been turned, and in the present state of ferment

bubble up and down in the cauldron of change, like so many potatoes: you must take the pot off the fire and let the water quiet down before you can see what your boiled potatoes are like. The important fact not to lose sight of is that the process is going on, that there is being evolved out of chaos a plain, unmistakable type. The Parisian has been a type for centuries, John Bull no less; the Berliner is now about to strut a while on the world's stage.

To commence an estimate of the Berliner by deprecating criticism in advance is perhaps ominous, but it is necessary to add one more to the allowances which have preceded. The social tyranny exercised by the Prussian army must not be lost sight of. In England, in France, it is possible to be smart without being an officer. Such a thing is well-nigh impossible in Berlin. The unfortunate civilian, even though he write "officer in reserve" on his card, is after all but second-rate. He has no standard of manners appropriate to his class, to which, as due to his own dignity, he feels it necessary to conform; and worse, as showing how absolutely non-existent is the influence of woman, no chivalrous regard for the other sex to mitigate his behaviour towards his own. To trench on any discussion of the meaning of the word "gentleman" is beside the purpose here, and indeed after Mr. Stevenson's recent fiasco perilous anywhere. But it is safe to say that it connotes a body of qualities instantly recognised in the aggregate by any one conversant with good society in any other European nation. Such a social condition is one of the finest products of civilisation, a growth not of one but of many generations, and requiring for its full and proper development the presence of some circumstances at least which are propitious. Such circumstances are woefully absent in the case of the Berliner. Take the absence of any standard of his own; a simple illustration will show how real a blemish it becomes.

The illustration is selected with a full consciousness that it may appear trivial. It is not so; the method is Platonic, for the state is written small in the citizen, and the citizen in the most marked of his characteristics.

As the observant traveller walks through the Berlin streets, or steps into that delightful lounge, the Café Bauer, he is struck by the extraordinary variety of the Berliner's habiliments. No two civilians wear clothes of the same cut; a man's fancy, or rather his outfitter's convenience, takes the place of fashion, with certainly most disappointing results. Berlin would seem to be the repository of all the old garments of Christendom. But variety has an artistic merit! That may be, while it is no less true of certain articles that their sole artistic merit is a proper uniformity; and it is so with the civilised coat. This incongruous variety in civilian costume descends to every article of attire. Now, what is the reason? Simply that a man, if he has not a uniform to sun himself in, does not care what he wears so long as essential comfort and decency are preserved. And as with dress, so with the other outward manifestations of his social character.

Take the habit of drinking. Our own forefathers were no doubt a hard-drinking race: the old furniture of our Oxford common-rooms could tell strange tales; and gentlemen born at the time of the battle of Waterloo acknowledge that the Englishman of their day thought it no disgrace to leave his own table the worse for wine. But we have outgrown the habit. English gentlemen do indeed get drunk in this year of grace; but it is a thing of which when sober they are ashamed, and certainly a man is not proud of being seen in company with a drunken friend. If then it be allowed that in the earlier part of this century there was little to choose between the middle-class Berliner and the middle-class Londoner in the matter of so-

briety, the difference is very striking now. To be bemused with liquor of an evening in Berlin is common, indeed normal with many; to be utterly besotted is not disgraceful. If the grandson be an improvement on his grandfather, the town must seventy years ago have been a town of Falstaffs.

The deficiency in matters of the higher culture are even more glaring. After the funeral of the late Emperor William, a French journalist visited his study in the Palace on the Linden—the room which was his own, the room in which his own tastes had full rein. The journalist was curious to see the literature affected by a man whose name had become historic, and carefully scanned the backs of the few books about. They were all military or official hand-books; of literature properly so-called there was not a single example. No wonder the Frenchman, quick to seize the contrast, recalled the charming room at Sans Souci,—with its panelled walls, its book-cases filled with the choicest works of the best French writers, its music-stand, its window looking not over the busy street but over the far-famed terraces of his own design,—in which the great Frederick spent his leisure hours. The contrast is no less typical than striking. The Emperor William's study reflects the modern spirit of Berlin, a spirit almost entirely military and commercial, in no sense humane. Either commerce or the army possesses the mind in season and out of season; and it is in the intense jealousy of our success in the former that is to be found the secret of the bitter personal hatred which the name of our country excites in Berlin at this moment. It is not a question of Courts, nor of doctors, but of markets. The country is seething with the excitement of commerce on the grand scale, and the feeling is fiercest, as it is most concentrated, in Berlin. This energy in a people is not to be condemned; far from it. The quality is our own, and to it we

owe our success. Nor could any but a mean-spirited nation see year after year numbers ranging from one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand of its inhabitants pass to strange lands under alien government without striving in some way to find a country for them where they will not be utterly lost to the fatherland. Commercial energy and colonial enterprise are well enough in themselves, the pity is when they become master-passions to the exclusion of all else. The commercial element in England has been termed by an out-spoken fellow-countryman, Philistine. Would that some German Matthew Arnold might arise in Berlin and, braving the thunders of elder and younger Bismarck alike, hold the mirror up to his fellow-citizens. The British Philistine indeed! Judged by the standard of his German brother he may claim at least a Samaritan's kinship with the chosen people.

But it may be suggested that as Berlin becomes more cosmopolitan, contact with the foreigners who flock to her may smooth away some of the rougher and refine the coarser characteristics of her people. In other words, she may supply the deficiencies in her own civilisation by borrowing from others. This may come about in time, but there is no sign of it at present. The tendency is in fact quite the other way, intensely conservative and national. An imperial edict for instance has recently forbidden the *menu* for the imperial dinner-table to be printed in French—so slight is the regard for the old adage, *De minimis non curat lex*.

Oddly enough we alone of all nations, unpopular as we are, seem to be exerting any influence. Our method is the recognised method to be followed in commercial houses and pursuits. The shops are full of articles which customers are assured are English, and quite in the English fashion, as a positive recommendation. But the general quality of the Berlin Anglo-mania is well illustrated by the following curious

example of it. There is one advantage life there possesses over life here, and it lies in the excellence of their cafés. The café however is not "English," and if a man would cut a figure he must of a morning frequent the Bodegas, which have sprung up avowedly as an English institution over the city. Here he may sit with his friends round a cask and drink what is supposed to be the correct English drink, Sherry, to his heart's content. Thus enthroned, a glass of some vile brandied decoction in his hand, his bosom swells with the feeling that he has crowned his own civilisation by adding to it what is most distinguished in another.

On the whole, then, the most prominent characteristic of the Berliner in his present stage of development, may be said to be a national feeling which is positively blatant, and may easily degenerate into downright Chauvinism. The feeling is a restless one, for there is no man more self-conscious. There is none of the sublime self-confidence of the Briton which forms a favourite subject with the nimble caricaturists across the Channel, the self-confidence which regards the reputation of England as so much funded property, or as one of the phenomena of Nature which are accepted without discussion. The Berliner is constantly seeking to impress a visitor with the importance of himself and of his material surroundings. He plucks you by the sleeve as you pass a building, and asks, "Did you ever see the like?" He has but one epithet to describe institutions, buildings and men: one and all are *kolossal*, *ganz kolossal*. The trait is sufficiently amusing until it is found to be also dangerous. For this restless, feverish temperament, however amusing in an individual, becomes dangerous when discovered to form in the aggregate the character of the capital of a great empire. Paris has for centuries been regarded as the European centre of disturbance, and the reputation has been justly earned. But it has of late fallen from that bad eminence.

True it is still the disturbing centre of France, but the shock to Europe caused by the recent election of General Boulanger is slight compared with that administered by Napoleon's assumption of the imperial crown in 1852.

Berlin is taking the place of Paris. A nation with a centralised government is always exposed to the danger of a too powerful capital. Germany, as a whole, has been until the last two decades a peaceable, non-aggressive power, precisely because there has been no switch-room, as it were, in constant work to connect the system of German States, and the militant spirit of Prussia has not been able to permeate the quieter constitutions of Bavaria and Saxony. That is now changed. Berlin supplies the switch-room; and to the activity of its working the lively state of affairs on the East African coast, at Samoa, and in

the private relations of Count Herbert Bismarck and Sir Robert Morier, afford startling testimony. What the workers of the instrument of government may have in store for Europe in the future can only be conjectured. Sufficient ground for anxiety is the precarious health of the King of Holland. For there is a Greater Holland as well as a Greater Britain, and the bait of the Dutch Colonies in the East, dangled before a people hungry for such food, may well prove irresistible. The military fever and commercial greed, which are at present the stimulating influences in Berlin, have already, on his own confession, forced even Prince Bismarck's hand in East Africa; and the future is dark indeed, if, encountering less resistance in dealing with his successors, these unlovely forces drag the whole Empire behind them on a career of unscrupulous aggression.

THE CUP AND THE CRITIC.

It was the cup that did it; the cup was without doubt enchanted. As now, alas! it is in shivers, I cannot repeat the strange experience of that night, and so confute those of my friends who say that the magic (if any there was) lay in the contents of the cup. I can only, to prove my truth, relate the singular occurrence, point by point, as it happened to me.

The cup then is, or was rather, a beautiful double-handled Athenian drinking-cup of the fifth century before Christ, with an ivy wreath delicately painted round its rim in red and white; the rest of it being of a beautiful lustrous black that in places shone almost laurel-green. It was a cup of considerable size, and I have sometimes indulged my fancy by identifying it with the large cup that Socrates, Agathon, and Aristophanes passed from hand to hand, when the philosopher convinced the two poets that their respective arts of tragedy and comedy were in reality one and the same thing.

The night was (to be accurate) that of the 29th of last December, and I was going to the play. I had dressed and dined in good time, in order to bring a leisurely mind to bear upon this much-canvassed Shakesperian revival. I was lying on a divan in my sitting-room poring over a handsome old book in two stately folio volumes: the same being the Amsterdam edition (1706) of the "Onomasticon" of Julius Pollux. It was open at the nineteenth chapter of the fourth book, "*De Theatro et quæ circa hoc*", and, sometimes laboriously spelling out a few words of the Greek, but more usually resorting to the easy Latin translation of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, I was trying to conjure up for myself pictures of what a play had looked like in the days of

Sophocles. The voucher for my place at the theatre lay across the copious notes at the foot of the Greek and Latin columns: a pink telegram recording the fact that a seat had been taken for me that night at the Lyceum Theatre.

On a stool at my elbow stood the cup, filled, through the generosity of a friend, with real Greek wine of a vintage whose name kindled the imagination. I took it up and, before I drank, I half unconsciously breathed an aspiration over the beaker: "Ah", I said, "I wish it were a Greek tragedy and not an English one that I were to see!" Then I drank, and, as I swallowed the generous wine, there came over me a sudden and startling change. I looked up; everything about me was unaltered and distinct, yet I viewed it with different eyes. The pictures in my room now seemed to me uncouth daubs; my carefully chosen furniture clumsily made, and unutterably barbarous in design. I glanced at the telegram; to my sight it was as clear as ever; I could distinguish between the straight printing and the written character; I knew they were inscriptions; but they were as unintelligible to me as the writing on a Chinese tea-chest. Looking timidly at the book, I realised that the Latin was in the same character as the upright inscription on the pink paper, and, like that, to me meaningless. Turning my eyes a few inches to the right, with a thrill of astonishment at the feat, I read down a column of the Greek as easily as I had read my newspaper that morning.

A sudden knock at my door confused me: my surroundings became dream-like. I dimly think that a gaily-robed youth with laughing eyes entered my room; that we, at his

suggestion, made an exchange of garb, and that we parted hastily, promising soon to meet again. I dimly think that I was hurried for a great distance over or through the earth. I dimly think that, like a gigantic clock being set, time was, for me, put back centuries on centuries. My first clear memory is of a sonorous voice that proclaimed the words, "Sophocles, produce your chorus!" Then everything became distinct, and I found myself seated in a vast and thronged building open to the sky, against which it was bounded by a delicate semicircular colonnade. Above the colonnade, at my back, I could see a bluff of tufted cliff, the foreshortened angle of a marble temple, and the lance and raised arm of a colossal bronze figure. The huge horse-shoe-shaped range of flat marble benches, in which I sat, was thronged by the entire population of a city, and the air vibrated with their animated chatter. Past a moving sea of dark excited faces and vivid rustling draperies, I looked down into the semicircular space where the chorus would presently stand. A wreathed altar, on a base cut into steps, stood in its midst; and, bounding it, was a broad marble walk, on which robed dignitaries, having risen from their carved seats, stood gravely talking or clustered about the chair of a central authority who occupied a raised seat of special distinction.

Directly facing me was the open and now empty stage, stretching across the theatre. At its back was built by way of scenery the façade of a marble temple or palace. From the talk about me I realized that some temporary additions, now being made to this permanent structure, marked the character of the tragedy we were to see. Some pieces of painted scenery, slight and emblematic, but sufficient for the quick-witted Athenians, are being placed about the central entrance; it is whispered that a cavern is intended. The subsidiary doors are masked; it is suggested that the hero will be a lonely deserted man. By

the right-hand entrance is a painting, on which, between cliffs, I can make out a stretch of blue sea and a ship of war at anchor. The lonely hero, then, dwells by the sea-shore or on an island, and those who come to him from a distance (the entry from the right hand denoting this) will have newly landed from ship-board. At the opposite entrance there is no distinguishing sign: the hero, it is evident, has no neighbours. "Is he the Cyclops?" the audience are asking one another—"or perhaps Philoctetes!" A trumpet sounds, proclaiming that the play is about to begin. The dignitaries sink into their cushioned marble seats, the chatter dies into silence, the women being the last to settle the warm Persian wrappings round their dresses and resign themselves to listening.

The theatre is flooded with sunlight, but the air is fresh and clear; it might be cool were we not sheltered from the sea-breeze in which the white clouds drift overhead.

From the right a slow-moving figure has entered and stalks along the stage; his trailing robes conceal the buskins that give him the appearance of more than mortal height. As he turns we recognize, under the head-dress of wolf-skin, the bearded mask in whose lines are carved the craft and indomitable energy of Ulysses. He stands statue-like expecting a second entry, and from the same opening, and past the painted sea, comes another stately figure with the grace of youth upon it, and wearing a mask of perfect manly beauty. "Like Achilles!" the women exclaim.

Ulysses speaks. His first words reveal that he is on the isle of Lemnos, and that his comrade is Neoptolemus, son of Achilles; that here, ten years ago, he abandoned Philoctetes, then with his wounded foot a hindrance to the host sailing against Troy, now pointed to by prophecy as the chosen instrument of Troy's destruction.

Perhaps some infection from the

eager interest shown by the listening thousands about me has its influence, but, almost to my own surprise, these masked and long-robed figures do not strike me with any special sense of unreality. Their appearance is statuesque, but their speech is convincingly life-like. Clear and trenchant ring out the words of Ulysses; the music of the verse being fully given, but in such flexible utterance that no shade of meaning is without its natural emphasis. When Neoptolemus, though submitting himself to the guidance of his crafty commander, pleads that he be not asked to employ fraud against the lonely Philoctetes, there is a thrilling sweetness in his persuasive tones. The gestures that emphasize the speech on both sides are more emphatic for their rarity. The impassive exterior and restrained actions of these masked figures, taken with their fluent and vivid speech, suggests an infinite fineness of breeding. To me there is something almost terrifying about their external quiescence. When Ulysses, on the look out for the retreat of Philoctetes, slowly turning his head glances round the theatre, and, for a moment's space, his impassive gaze seems fixed on me, I hold my breath until it has passed on.

A pact is made; Neoptolemus consents to beguile the hero, and Ulysses retires in the direction of the ship, leaving the son of Achilles in the centre of the stage immersed in thought. The chorus enters, led by the light music of a double flute. In the relaxation of attention at this point, a neighbour, struck with my interest in the drama, tells me that yet better is to come; for Polus, the favourite actor of Sophocles, who has sometimes gained by a single performance a sum that approaches a hundred pounds of English money, is to represent Philoctetes. The chorus I know by their dress and the oars they carry to be sailors; by their place of entrance I learn that they come from the ship of Neoptolemus. Keeping time to the fluting, they enter the central space; not

dancing in our interpretation of the word, but rather performing a piece of drill, which, when completed, has arranged them in a semi-circle facing the stage. Then, with a musical prelude, they begin their strophe, addressing the musing Neoptolemus. He replies to them and they chant again, and, as the dialogue between the orchestra and the stage increases in interest, a strange new feeling takes hold of me. Neoptolemus in addressing the chorus is addressing us all. They speak for me, but I am, I feel, equally his ship-mate, and personally concerned in the forthcoming interview with the forlorn hero. By the rest of the audience this identity of interest is clearly felt; when they can anticipate a phrase of the chorus they lend it the assistance of their voices. The planning of the theatre assists the illusion; a line drawn to divide the stage from the auditorium would leave the chorus in the midst of the spectators.

Expectation quickens as Neoptolemus hears the groans of the approaching Philoctetes, and they become gradually audible to the chorus and to us. The sailors approach the stage, and group themselves in expectant attitudes on the steps surrounding the altar; and on the threshold of the cavern appears Philoctetes.

He wears a quiver of arrows, and carries in his hand the heavy bow bequeathed to him by Hercules, towards the possession of which the wiles of Ulysses are directed. Philoctetes had been left at Lemnos incurably lame, wrapped in a few wretched rags, and had been preserved alive by the possession of this bow, which enabled him by shooting birds and beasts to feed himself and cover his limbs. His representative appears clothed from head to foot in dark-coloured robes, his mask expressing a deep but tranquil sorrow. His hair and beard, though long and wild, are symmetrically arranged, and over his shoulders he wears the dressed hide of a deer, fastened by the skin of the fore-feet

being arranged in a knot on his breast. When he speaks, the interest excited by his pathetic and musical utterance banishes all sense of incongruity in this merely typical costume.

Though he expresses the pity he really feels for the hero's suffering, Neoptolemus continues to carry out the deep-laid plot of Ulysses, a messenger from whom, disguised as a merchant from Peparethos, presently appears to keep him to his resolution. A little later a chance remark from the solitary hero gives Neoptolemus the opportunity to ask if this that Philoctetes holds is indeed the all-powerful bow of Hercules, and if he may be permitted to touch it with his lips as a thing divine. Grateful for his expressed sympathy, but not without reluctance, Philoctetes yields it into his hand.

For a few moments Neoptolemus stands holding the bow, and whilst he retains it the spectators thrill with the knowledge that Philoctetes, unassailable the moment before, is now at the mercy of one in league with his crafty foe—may any moment be seized, and carried whither he would not.

The bow is restored for the time, and, a little later, the torture of his wounded foot overcomes the self-possession of Philoctetes and he laments himself with a strange reiteration of syllables, rising and falling with pathetic and varied notes of anguish. Then, again trustfully resigning his bow into the hands of Neoptolemus, he composes himself to sleep on the steps leading to his cavern. Neoptolemus hesitates, and the chorus discuss with him the several claims of duty to the Grecian host, and of pity towards the suffering hero.

Philoctetes awakes, and realizes, when Ulysses re-appears, in whose toils he has been entangled. Ulysses hurries away Neoptolemus lest his increasing pity make the scheme miscarry, and Philoctetes retreats in despair into his cavern. Soon the chorus excitedly inform us that Ulysses and Neoptolemus are returning; then they surround the altar, and, climbing

its steps, sit attentive until the play ends. The deepest silence now reigns in the vast theatre: men in front of me stretch their necks towards the stage: in the colonnade far above, those who have not found seats lean forward in clusters from the white pillars.

Neoptolemus, bearing the bow, strides on to the stage, followed by Ulysses who demands the meaning of this sudden return. The meaning is, he will restore the bow obtained by fraud. The two men face one another in attitudes of defiance, and Ulysses handles his sword-hilt; Neoptolemus is equally ready to draw, and bears besides the death-dealing bow of Hercules. Menacing him with the wrath of the Atridae Ulysses retires to bide his time.

In a loud, yet tremulous voice the son of Achilles summons the solitary from his cavern:

But thou, O son of Pœas! Philoctetes!
Come forth again from this thy stony
lair.

The great strange figure of the melancholy hero appears on the cavern's threshold. He shrinks from the friendly protestations of Neoptolemus as a wounded animal does from a proffered touch. He only shakes his head sadly at the offered bow, suspecting a deeper snare. As Neoptolemus presses the weapon upon his acceptance Ulysses again enters, and in solemn language forbids its return. At the sound of his enemy's voice Philoctetes flashes up into fury. He snatches the huge bow, and, fitting a shaft to the string, takes aim at the heart of Ulysses. Seizing his hands Neoptolemus prevents the flight of the arrow until Ulysses has escaped. Then he places his ship and himself at the disposal of Philoctetes in expiation of his previous deceit.

Suddenly, high up on the left side of the scene (the side which denotes kin-ship with Philoctetes), a stately figure appears. We recognize at once the brass-bound club and the lion-skin, the broad kindly mask and the crisp

golden hair and beard: it is Hercules himself. He speaks, and unties the knot of the play. Philoctetes must, for Fate decrees it, proceed to Troy; and there his wound shall find healing. Then, having spoken, he disappears, and Philoctetes wends his way with Neoptolemus to the ship. They being gone, the seamen descend the altar-steps, and, invoking prosperity on the voyage, depart in order to the music of the flute. The theatre buzzed again with chatter about me as I sat in my place musing and entranced.

At last there came upon me a dimness that was not sleep. When it cleared, I found myself in my own dressing-room, exchanging my Greek attire for a comfortable costume of dressing-gown and slippers.

A burst of ringing laughter made me turn my head, and I saw a handsome youth in my evening-dress making antics at his reflection in a looking-glass. He made strange sounds like a crowing cock, putting his arms a-kimbo, flapping with his elbows, and lifting up the tails of his coat. Then he cried out with another explosion of laughter: "Only a mask with a beak to it, and I could go on as Swallow in the chorus of 'The Birds'!" Then, turning to me, he exclaimed: "Ah! my clothes, let me get out of these tight things!" "Do", I said; "you will find me in the next room". He followed me thither presently, and began to talk volubly, sometimes appealing to me for explanations, seldom giving me the opportunity to make them.

"I took the pink paper", he said, "and went and sat where they put me, and wondered that any one should come for amusement to a place that was at once so dazzling and so close. Then I tried to understand the bearings of the theatre; where was the altar—where was the scene? I noticed presently a row of about fifty little altars, and then began to comprehend. It's for the same reason, is it not, that you have fifty harp-players instead of one? Well, there was a young man sitting

next to me, who talked in an abrupt manner, but was kind, very kind. So I asked him where the orchestra was. He thought I had said the musicians, for he pointed out the fifty harp-players, who were obvious enough and fit to deafen a man. I said that I wanted to know where the orchestra was, where the chorus would perform. 'Oh', answered he, 'the chorus! this is not a burlesque—at least it is not meant to be one'. Then he laughed, took out his stylus, and registered a vow on his linen bracelet. Asking what a 'burlesque' might be, I discovered that he meant a comedy. 'Well', I said, 'I have seen one comedy' (I meant 'The Plutus') 'without a chorus, but never a tragedy'. That was rather hard on him, but he was quite kind and went on to explain that a great cloth in front of us would be taken away, and then we should see the scene. For he was a pleasant young man, though he mixed things up very much, and called the scene the stage, and the proscenium the scene, and something else the proscenium. All this time I was hoping the fifty harp-players would stop making my head ache, and wondering whether the play would be like anything I had seen before, or quite a thing by itself.

"Well, soon it began, and when I could see, for the scene was rather dark, I recognized 'The Eumenides'. But there were curious noises going on, and unpleasant flashing lights, and strips of bad painting left hanging about everywhere, and I had to get my friend to explain what these things were supposed to mean. 'But', I whispered, 'when we want to represent thunder, we roll a bladder with pebbles in it on a sheet of copper under the scene, and then every one understands'. He seemed hurt, and said, 'Yes, but this is realistically mounted'. I did not agree, but to soothe him I said that realistic mounting was very nice and very intelligible too, when you had some one to explain it to you. But they changed it all very soon, and began playing part of

another play. Hippolytus was brought in wounded on a litter, and Theseus and his attendants came to meet him; but after that I could not follow. Soon, however, there was a change back to 'The Eumenides,' and I asked my neighbour when the chief actor was coming. 'Here he is,' said he, 'and he's very nervous'. And what had the poor man done in his nervousness? You won't believe me, but he had—he *had come on without his mask!* I was so sorry for him, and he acted quite beautifully, and didn't seem to know that he had forgotten it. Poor fellow, he made such efforts to bring his voice out clearly, all the while thinking the audience were looking at a beautiful tranquil mask, whilst really they could see his naked face. I felt so ashamed that I could hardly look at him.

"When the acting stopped we went out into the portico. I asked my friend by what strange chance the hero of the play, (your Northern names are so difficult, let me call him Maikabuthos), was represented without a mask. He stared, in his usual way, and then said abruptly, 'This isn't a pantomime! at least—' he smiled, and again registered a vow on his bracelet, while I asked, 'What is a pantomime?' I think he was tired of my questions, for he answered: 'I'll find you a man who can tell you all about that, if you'll give me your name'. 'Pheidipides', said I, and he introduced to me a gentleman of the name of Mr. Ariston, or something like that, for he cut things very short, calling me Mr. Phipps.

"Ariston, who was I think a Persian, began explaining to me a pantomime that he was producing. When he said the chorus were birds I understood at once, a pantomime was a comedy—you have so many words here for one thing. Ariston had mixed up some of 'The Medea' with 'The Birds' in his pantomime, for he told me there were two children killed in it—it is difficult for a simple Athenian to follow all the subtleties of your humour.

Then Ariston surprised me by saying that I had just built a theatre, and done it very quickly too, and he congratulated me. If you build a theatre quickly I suppose it need not take more than a hundred years to do; but then I am only twenty-two, and we think it no compliment to be thought much older than we are. However Ariston so evidently meant to be kind, that I went on to ask him about the mask; and I said I supposed that Maikabuthos was so powerful in politics that the modellers were afraid to copy his features. Ariston shook his head, and said Maikabuthos wasn't alive now. He was a little puzzled when I asked how long ago he had lived, and, consulting a piece of paper, mentioned some measurement of time that I did not understand. I asked how many Olympiads that was, but I had to bid Ariston good-bye and go into the theatre again before I had explained that an Olympiad was not an exhibition of children's toys.

"It was a perplexing play! In Athens we like things simple and distinct; we should have made it into three plays—Maikabuthos and the Furies: Maikabuthos King: and Maikabuthos Distracted. Then we should have had a little satyric play about Maikabuthos, and all the fun in a lump at the end. But here the fun was cropping up all through, when one least expected it. Once he played Agamemnon quite seriously: Clytemnestra sent a herald to say she was sick or dying, and her slaves brought the fatal entangling robe to beguile him. Suddenly, when expectation was at its height, he turned it all into fun, struck the slaves with the robe, threw it down, made a joke and ran away. He deceived me again with a parody on 'The Ajax'. He came in most pathetically to make a speech over his sword and fall on it, and then—made a joke and said he wouldn't! It makes me feel extremely simple when I cannot appreciate your subtle sense of humour".

I was too much aghast at this extraordinary view of the acting of our

great tragedian to do more than hazard an inquiry as to what my friend thought of the decoration of the play.

"They said it was not magic!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no", said I; "but was it not marvellous?"

"That they should take so much trouble? Yes", he replied, and fell into a fit of musing.

Suddenly he looked up: "It was really a woman?" he asked. I assenting, he inquired, "Who taught her all that?"

"Herself, I fancy", said I, and he murmured, "Wonderful, wonderful! With us they can dance in comedy and play the flute—no more!"

He was silent. "You were thinking—?" I inquired after a pause.

"Of my favourite play", he returned; 'The Andromeda' of Euripides: how would she be in that? You remember when Perseus finds her—

O virgin girl! like to a goddess shaped,
Like to a galley anchored to a rock.

And how, addressing him continually as 'Stranger', she appeals to his pity; and again—

Take me away, and I will follow you;
Slave, if you will; or, if you will, your
wife.

He continued quoting snatches of the play until his eye fell on the Greek cup. "There", said he, "is something to drink a health to her in. Give me wine!"

I passed him the whisky, and as he was filling the cup I suggested an addition of water. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "At this hour of the night, and to her, unmixed wine!"

He raised the cup and took a long draught. When he had swallowed it he cried out, "Pluto! What fire you drink!" The cup fell from his hand, and shivered splashing against the grate: a leaping blue flame sprang up from the remains of the spirit. "See!" he exclaimed, "Fire! fire!"

The spell was broken with the cup. He was fading from my sight, or I was sinking into oblivion. For one moment more I saw his face, clear and serious: "Farewell", he said; "I shall send him the best mask that Athens can devise".

H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

A TURKISH DEMOCRAT.

FLAUBERT once confessed to the brothers de Goncourt his desire to write on the modern Turk, the Oriental in the garb of western civilization; *l'Orient en habit noir*. The strong contrasts of the subject fascinated him; the crude mixture of jarring notions, the fantastic exchanges between East and West. His fancy drew pictures of the Turk in Paris, in Constantinople, on the Nile; the Pasha in French boots and Parisian clothes on a steamer's deck; below, his wives, his eunuchs, the atmosphere of the unchanging East.

Since that evening's talk—it was in 1862—strange things have befallen the Turk. "Young Turkey" has played its game and lost. The old forces have proved too strong for the new. Midhat, the "Reformer", has perished miserably in his Arabian exile: the Turkish Parliament is no more; and if the Franco-Turk provoked a smile, what shall we say of the Parisian journalist on pilgrimage to the Mahdi—a meet antithesis for Flaubert's pen!

The genius of the East does not work by violence alone, though such outbreaks of fanaticism as are now convulsing Central Africa are likely to make us forget that there is also a force latent in its ancient social order which is ever recalling its wayward sons to its bosom. A strange instance of this natural reversion is presented by the life of the late Governor of Chios, Kemal Bey, "the most learned of the Ottomans", to whose memory the Sultan has just decreed a mausoleum of extraordinary splendour, who enjoyed to the last the favour and protection of the Padishah, and earned the bitterest hatred of the Greek community in the Levant.

Some nineteen years ago there was in the Haymarket a café, or rather

Turkish Divan, kept by an Armenian named Marcosoff. It was the favourite resort of the best class of Oriental in London, and every night Turks from Constantinople and Smyrna, Egyptians from Cairo and Alexandria, Armenians and Greeks from the Levant, might be seen squatted on the divans round the well-lit room, smoking and sipping their coffee, happy in having exchanged for a time the bustle and hurry of the West for something approaching the dignified repose of an evening in Stamboul.

Separated from the outer saloon by heavy Persian curtains was a smaller room, reserved for more distinguished guests. On one side were generally to be seen some young officers of the Turkish Navy, then temporarily attached to the British Service. On the opposite divan were nightly seated a group of a very different character, between whom and the officers there was no communication beyond the salutations which custom demands, even between strangers, in the East. One was a noble-looking Turk, tall and stately, obviously the son of a beautiful Circassian, and therefore, by inference, of a Pasha of rank. Next him sat a thin, yellow-faced man, a good specimen of the Civil Servant of modern Turkey. He had been *Kiateep*, or secretary to a minister. This was Agiach Efendi, then an exile from his country, but not without hopes of returning in honour to the land of the faithful. But the most remarkable of the group was a square-built powerful man whose fair hair, blue eyes and broad forehead showed at all points the true Albanian type, while his rapid and incisive talk, nervous animated gestures, mobile features and sarcastic smile were in strong contrast to the staid and dignified demeanour of his friends. But even

they caught the infection of his enthusiasm, and as the torrent of his speech became more vehement their eyes flashed and glittered, and their words and gestures of assent grew more emphatic.

The speaker was Kemal Bey, a stern and unbending Moslem, a zealous patriot, poet, historian, conspirator, and democrat.

It is difficult to imagine any given set of circumstances, elsewhere than in modern Turkey, by which such a mass of contradictions could be produced. He was the son of an Albanian Pasha by a Greek wife; but, like so many of his countrymen of foreign blood, he soon became even more of a Turk than the Turks themselves. An eager student of Arabic and Turkish literature, he early distinguished himself both in prose and verse. But his patriotic zeal was by no means satisfied by these successes, and he conceived the idea of reviving the national spirit by writing a history of the Ottoman empire. Partly with this purpose he studied French, and was at once attracted by the writers of the period preceding and contemporary with the French Revolution. In their theories he fancied he saw the means of accomplishing the object nearest to his heart, the restoration of the Ottoman power; and with all the fierce energy of his character he threw himself into the schemes of the "Young Turkish" party, who during the last troubled years of Abdul Aziz openly advocated the creation of a Parliament; the establishment of a Constitutional Government, and, in their phrase, the liberation of Turkey. The name most familiar to English readers in connection with the movement was that of Midhat Pasha; but its most active and untiring advocate was the fierce democrat, Kemal Bey. He soon gained a strong party of adherents among the Softas of Constantinople, and so obtained for the movement the sanction of the strongest and most united body of religious opinion in the Empire. The fears of the Palace were aroused, and before

long he was forced to fly from Turkey. But the movement found supporters elsewhere. Ambitious satraps fancied they saw their opportunity in the embarrassments of the Sultan, and Kemal and his friend came to London, where they remained in receipt of handsome allowances from the Khedive Ismail, who possibly thought that he might obtain as a constitutional sovereign what Mehemet Ali sought by force of arms—the reversion of the Sultanate. Kemal, at any rate, was not an unprofitable servant. He was in constant communication with the party in Turkey, not only in Constantinople, but in Broussa, Coniah, and Damascus. To him was confided the direction of a newspaper, which was printed on thin paper, enclosed in envelopes as a letter, and forwarded to all parts of the Sultan's dominions. Kemal himself wrote most of the sheet.

It may be interesting to quote from a number published three years before the death of Abdul Aziz the words of the man who found a *locus penitentia* with Abdul Hamid. "Men of Turkey, Christians and Mussulmans, how long will you sleep under the shadow of slavery!"—thus the article begins—"Rise," it continues, "rise against the great tyrant, the father of all the petty tyrants who seek your blood; fire and steel alone will give you liberty". All the later numbers were couched in this vein; and it must be remembered that at that time the Sultan was in dire straits, bankrupt, beset by enemies, Bosnia and Herzegovina in revolt, Constantinople threatening revolution. Kemal's seed fell on good ground.

When not busy with correspondence, or editing the paper, Kemal worked at his history of the Ottoman Empire, or read his favourite French jurists; and from time to time superintended the proofs of a new edition of the Koran which was being printed for the Khedive in London. But every evening saw him at the divan in the Haymarket.

An Armenian who was in their secrets often made one of the party. Him Kemal would sometimes take home with him to a fine old house which he had rented in Soho and fitted up in Oriental fashion. There they would sit for hours, talking of the coming liberation of Turkey.

One night Kemal was much excited. "When will the great day come?" he cried. "Never, never until we have set aside the Great Tyrant! He must go; he must be made to commit suicide." "But", said his friend, "how is that possible?" Kemal laughed. "Why", he said, "we will order one of his eunuchs to do it for him,—you understand!—and then we will erect a great Capitolium in Stamboul where all nations of the empire may meet in council. We will have no more Sultans—Law shall be our ruler!" "These are dreams", said his friend. "Wait, and you will see", replied Kemal.

A brief space of time saw these dreams in a measure fulfilled. The three Turks were recalled to Constantinople, where Kemal remained in daily communication with the leaders of the young Turkish party, and concerted with Midhat the measures to be taken; and—strange accomplishment of Kemal's words—Abdul Aziz was found one morning by his eunuchs, bleeding to death. The Sultan, it was announced, had committed suicide by cutting his veins with scissors. The Ottoman Empire had its Parliament and Constitution, liberty of the subject was guaranteed, the Press was to be free, Mussulman and Christian were to be equal; the Reign of Law was to begin, and the victory of the reformers seemed complete.

But their triumph was short-lived. Murad the Fifth was deposed, Abdul Hamid came to the throne, and amid the shock of war and the fierce antagonism to all Western notions which it evoked the Turkish Constitution disappeared, and with it most of the leaders of the Young Turkish party. Midhat Pasha was banished to

Arabia, where in due course he died; the old order proved too strong for him in the end, and by a poetical retribution the fatal cup of coffee was drunk hard by the birthplace of Mahomet. But Kemal was more fortunate than his associates. Partly by his reputation as a zealous Ottoman, if not a very loyal subject, partly by the fame of his literary attainments, so rare in a Turk, but mainly by the attraction of his vigorous personality, he gained the favour and indulgence of the Sultan. After a brief exile to Coniah, he was recalled, and appointed governor of the island of Lesbos.

Great was the satisfaction of the islanders when the news of the appointment reached Mitylene. The population was mostly Greek, and therefore in permanent opposition to the usual type of Turkish governor. But now the Padishah had been pleased to appoint the enlightened, the liberal, the learned Kemal, the enemy of despots, the framer of constitutions. Happy Lesbos! There were processions to meet the governor, illuminations, congratulations, general rejoicings.

They were brief enough. The practical failure of his theories of government, and the humiliation of Islam by the Muscovite, had wrought a total change in the mind of the former democrat. All thoughts of progress and reform were abandoned; his enthusiasm for the Ottoman Empire had taken the form of a sullen hatred of the Christian, and devotion to what he supposed to be the interests of the Sultan. Machiavel, not Montesquieu, might have furnished the precepts for his conduct as a governor in the Levant; the "Prince" henceforth was his master; the people his slaves. Such at least was his theory. But fortunately for his subjects, capitulations, treaties, and grants from different Sultans, backed by the jealous eyes of foreign consuls, have secured the inhabitants of the Archipelago from the most serious forms of oppression, though Kemal, flitting from island to

island like an evil spirit troubling the waters, contrived to cause suffering and loss to more than one helpless community.

At Lesbos he soon demanded that the Greek manufacturers and merchants should pay taxes and dues on their goods and shops from which they were exempted by the capitulations. When payment was refused, Kemal sent his *zaptiehs* to close the factories and shut up the warehouses "until the matter should be decided". Then by ingenious delays he put off the day of appeal until many of the unfortunate suitors were ruined.

Next, in his literary character, he began to inspect the schools. These, like all other Greek schools of the empire, are under the control of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, who is himself responsible to the Sultan for the loyalty and propriety of the teaching. *Timeo Danaos* had become a part of Kemal's creed, and he soon announced that the books used were disloyal, subversive of the Sultan's authority and wholly abominable, and forbade them to be read. This produced appeals to the Patriarch, who complained to the Sultan. Kemal was requested to moderate his zeal. But he gained his point ingeniously enough, so far as the future was concerned, by stopping the importation of all books, except such as he approved of, into the island.

Since the days of Sultan Medjid, besides the Court of the Cadi there has been in these islands a mixed court, in which the leading Christian inhabitants, *Mukhtars* as they are called, sit as assessors. Kemal disliked this compromise and, being himself the supreme executive authority, he refused to act on the decision of the mixed court—Let the people go before the Cadi, and be judged according to the teachings of the Koran; what more could they want? To the Cadi they must go to get justice; if not, they might go without. The question of divorce next engaged the governor's attention. For generations

the Greeks have been allowed to refer such cases to bishops appointed by the Patriarch. Kemal put a stop to this: they must submit their domestic differences to the Cadi; if not, let them come before him. He would judge them quite as well as the bishops.

A shoal of petitions to the obdurate governor was the result of these two edicts. But Kemal was equal to the emergency, and returned them all for translation into Turkish (!) at the same time announcing that all public documents and business-papers were henceforth to be drafted in that language. This caused so much inconvenience that not only Greeks but Turks complained at Constantinople. Kemal was then removed from Lesbos, but soon after he was transferred to Rhodes, as governor of that and numerous smaller islands on the Carian coast.

After taking possession in state of his *konak* and receiving the visits of the leading men of the island, the governor decided to make a progress round the various dependencies of his district. Most of these are small rocky islets inhabited by poor, hard-working fisher-folk. One of the most considerable is the island of Symæ, off the Carian coast, the population of which, like that of Calymnus near Chios, is mostly engaged in sponge-fishing, one of the most ancient industries of the Levant. These poor people have been protected from the exactions of the governors ever since the days of Sultan Suleiman the Second, who, in return for the voluntary submission of the island, granted them permission to fish for sponges free of taxes in any part of the Archipelago, and fixed their tribute for ever at the sum of ninety-six thousand *achtchi*, or farthings, with a yearly contribution of forty piastres to maintain the illumination of a mosque in Rhodes. Since the days of Suleiman the Turkish governors have respected the privileges so granted. Kemal crushed them at once. Sailing from island to island he levied fines and laid on taxes,

and at Symæ demanded an increased tribute and a fixed sum of twenty pounds per boat from the fishers. The islanders would not pay; but Kemal was not to be baffled. It was in the height of summer, and the scanty stock of water on the island was exhausted, making it necessary to send for it to the mainland. Kemal left a couple of gunboats to blockade the island, and after much suffering the poor people agreed to let themselves be plundered.

Proud of his success the governor landed to receive their submission. But in doing so he found himself in an awkward position. He had subdued the spirit of the men, but nothing could appease the resentment of their wives. Now the Turk, in his own way, is a respecter of woman. When the pay of the troops at Constantinople has been long in arrears, their wives will go in a body to the treasury and besiege it with threats and imprecations, and such an invasion will often wring a few thousands from the Porte when other means have failed. Mr. Kinglake's readers may remember how the flying Turks at Balaklava submitted meekly to the blows of an angry Scotchwoman of the camp. Kemal fared no better. The angry ladies of Symæ poured volleys of stones on the heads of the governor and his escort; dignity or forbearance forbade reprisals, and Kemal, sorely battered, retreated to his barge. Nevertheless the taxes were exacted, and the people for the most part deserted the island.

The zealous governor then began to raise new imposts in Rhodes. There his exactions created such resentment that advantage was taken of some outrages committed by his authority upon British subjects to demand his removal. It was impossible for the Porte to resist. But the Sultan still remained his friend. Chios, the loveliest and richest island of the *Ægean* was placed under his command, although the supreme control of the Archipelago, formerly attached to the government

of that island, was prudently withheld from Kemal and transferred to Rhodes.

The population of Chios consists for the most part of busy and thriving Greeks. Wine, oranges, citron and other fruit are produced in great quantities, and the farmers and merchants are in a measure protected by the Capitulations from the caprice or tyranny of their governors.

Kemal's temper was not sweetened by his discomfiture at Rhodes. Presents of fruit and flowers were offered by the people, according to Eastern custom, when the official welcome to the island was over. "These are bribes", said Kemal, and he ordered the offerings to be flung into the street. But the governor's health was not so robust as formerly, and for a time the Chiotese were allowed to hope for immunity from his persecutions. Shutting himself up in the *konak* he devoted himself with much ostentation to literature. In dress he was a model of the Eastern poet; his hair, still thick and yellow, fell in curls upon his shoulders; his beard reached to his waist.

Rumours of his studies soon reached Stamboul, and caused almost as much anxiety as his heroic administration, for alone with his books Kemal had always a tendency to return to his early convictions. It was said that a large sum was given him to refrain from publishing. But it was not in his nature to remain long inactive. A document couched in the most insulting terms was sent to every Greek in the island to be filled in and returned to Kemal, with heavy penalties for omitting to answer any of the questions contained in it. He then made a raid on his old opponents the sponge-fishers, who were doing a thriving trade at Calymnus, imposed taxes, exacted payment for licences, and hauled down the Greek flag on four vessels, making prisoners of the crew. The last affair almost rose to the dignity of an international question. The Greek Government pressed the Porte for reparation,

and it was not until the Sultan had made ample apologies, and presented King George with the order of the Medjidieh, that harmony was restored.

Kemal was once more forgiven. But he had been ailing for some months, and the news of the settlement had hardly reached Chios when the governor died in his own house of apoplexy. The death of so good an Osmanli made a great impression throughout Turkey. Whatever might have been his early failings it was agreed by all good Mussulmans that latterly he had been a true disciple of Mahomet and a zealous servant of the Padishah.

At the first view the story of such a life may seem like paradox. That Kemal's democratic aspirations should be translated into such rigorous despotism in practice might well be attributed to want of balance, or the caprice attendant on sudden elevation to power. But it seems to admit of a simpler and more scientific explanation. "Nothing is more remarkable", says Sir Henry Maine, "in respect of the progressive societies, than their extreme fewness. In spite of overwhelming evidence it is most difficult for a citizen of western Europe to

bring thoroughly home to himself the truth that the civilization which surrounds him is a rare fact in the history of the world". It may be, as the same authority maintains, that the difference between the stationary and progressive societies is one of the great secrets which inquiry has yet to penetrate. But the fact of the difference is undeniable. Now the Orientals are among the stationary races, and Kemal's life is but an illustration of the failure of ideas belonging to progressive societies to penetrate the crust of custom and strike true root in an uncongenial soil. The individual cannot escape from his country's past. Soon or late it claims its own. In the battle in Kemal's life between democratic conviction and despotic tradition, we become aware once more of the eternal conflict between the stationary and progressive races, the brooding East and the triumphant West, the conscious will, and the Unknown (*das Unbewusste*) which fatally limits and controls it. And this it is which forms the appropriate background for the incidents which we have attempted to narrate, and lends them an interest greater than their own.

C. J. CORNISH.

THE GREAT DOG-SUPERSTITION.

No person can give a careful and loving study to animal life for a long period, without meeting with species exhibiting aptitudes of which a great deal might be made in a domestic state, and which, together with their beauty and cleanly habits, seem specially to fit them for companionship with man in a greater degree than those which we now possess. For it is an undoubted fact that some animals are more intelligent than others, slight differences in this respect being perceptible even among the species of a single group or genus. We measure the animal mind by ours; and looking down from the summit of our mountain the earth beneath us at first seems level; but it is not quite level, as we are able to see by regarding it attentively. Even more important are the differences in temper, ranging from the morose and truculent to the placable and sweet; more important, because compared with this diversity in disposition that which we find in intelligence is very small. There are also animals solitary by nature, and almost or quite incapable of any attachment excepting that of the sexes; while others are gregarious or social, and able not only to form attachments among themselves, but also with those of other species, and, when domesticated, with man. There is a third matter, and this is doubtless the most important of all, to be considered when weighing the comparative advantages of different kinds, namely, the habits, or instincts, which change so slowly that they are practically immutable, even in altered conditions, and which, in the domesticated or pet animal, according to their character may prove a source of pleasure and profit to man, or, on the contrary, a perpetual annoyance and trouble. When our progenitors far back in time tamed the animals we now possess, it cannot

be supposed that they expended much thought on such considerations as these: probably chance determined everything for them, and they took and tamed the animals which came first to hand, or which promised to be most useful to them, either as food or in assisting them to procure food. If they were barbarians they would think little of beauty, little of the small differences in intelligence, and of the much greater differences in disposition, and, naturally, nothing at all about certain instincts in some animals which would become increasingly repugnant to man in a civilized state.

We have the dog so constantly with us; the grand result of centuries of artificial selection and training is so patent to every one, that we have actually come to look on this animal as by nature superior in mental endowment, genial qualities, and general adoptiveness to all others. Yet the qualities which make the dog valuable to us now formed no part of its original character; it is valuable chiefly for its various instinctive tendencies, and these are a later growth and purely the result of individual spontaneous variations, and of man's unconscious selection. The dog's affection for his master—the anxiety to be constantly with and to be noticed and caressed by him, the impatience at his absence and grief at his loss, and the courage to defend him and his house and his belongings from strangers—this affection of which we are accustomed to think so highly, regarding it as something unique in Nature, is in reality a very small and a very low thing; and by low is here meant common in the animal world, for it exists in a great many, probably in a large majority, of mammalian brains in every order and every family. Nor is it confined to mammals. The duck does not occupy a distinguished

place in the scale of being, and the lame duck that attached itself to Mr. Caxton, and affectionately followed him up and down in his walk, might seem an exceptionally gifted bird to those who know little of animal life. It is of course here assumed that Bulwer did not invent the lame duck: a peacock or bird of paradise, with all its organs complete, would have suited his fancy better. Probably the incident—for such incidents are very common—was told to him as true, and thinking that it would give a touch of reality and homely pathos to the description of Mr. Caxton's mild and lovable character he introduced it into his novel. A friend of the writer owned a duck far more worthy of admiration than Bulwer's immortal bird. This was not a domestic duck, but a teal, which he brought down with his gun slightly wounded in the wing, and feeling all at once a strange compassion for it, he tied it up in a handkerchief and carried it to his home in the suburbs of a large town. The captive was turned into a court-yard and its wants attended to; it soon grew accustomed to its new mode of existence, and furthermore became strongly attached to all the members of the family, seeking for them in the rooms when it felt lonely, and always exhibiting distress of mind and anger in the presence of strangers. When a cat or dog was fondled in its presence it would run to the spot, administer a few vindictive blows to the animal with its soft bill, and solicit a caress for itself. The most curious thing in its history was that it took a special liking to its captor, and singled him out for its most marked attentions. When he went away to business in the morning the teal would accompany him to the street-door to see him off, returning afterwards contentedly to the yard; and in the afternoon it would again repair to the door, always left open, and standing composedly on the middle of the step wait its master's return,—for this teal took count of time. If, while it stood there watching

the road, a stranger came in, it would open its beak and hiss and strike at his legs, showing as much suspicion and "sense of proprietorship" as a dog does when it barks and snaps at a visitor. Its owner's arrival would be greeted with demonstrations of affection and joy, and following him into the house it would spend an hour or two very happily if allowed to sit on his feet, or nestling close against them on the hearthrug.

The behaviour of this poor teal might seem a great thing, but it amounts to very little after all; the memory that all animals have, and perhaps a little judgment—the "small dose of reason" which Huber found that even insects possessed,—and attachment to the beings it was accustomed to see and associate with, and who attended to all its wants and gently caressed it. In the matter of the affections it has no advantage even over Darwin's celebrated snail. No doubt the self-sacrificing snail proved too much for Darwin's argument, as Professor Mivart has pointed out; fortunately the case of the teal, which can be substantiated, does not prove too much for the argument contained in this article. To be astonished at the display of such faculties and affections in a bird so low down in the scale would show ignorance of Nature. And there is no doubt that most men are very ignorant about her; so ignorant that if the teal had the place in our life which belongs to the dog, and had been with us for centuries, a companion and pet in our houses to the exclusion of other kinds, we should now believe that it surpassed all other creatures in human-like feelings; our periodicals would teem with anecdotes of its marvellous intelligence; innumerable books would be written on the subject, and the psychological biologists would put it next to man in their systems, one step below him on the throne of life, and far above the general herd of animals.

It is a fact, that might well stagger belief in the dog's superior intellect,

that mammalians as low down as rats and mice when properly treated and trained make attached and intelligent pets; and that a mouse, or a sparrow, or a snake, or even a creature so small and far down in the organic scale as a flea, may be taught, without very great difficulty, to perform tricks which, if performed by a dog, would be pronounced very clever indeed. Most people who witness the pretty performances of small mammals, birds and insects (which are usually up to the level of the dog's performances seen at the music-halls) probably think, if they think anything at all about the matter, that the exhibitor in such cases is the possessor of a mysterious kind of talent by means of which he is able to make these small creatures come for a few moments out of the instinctive groove they move in to do the things he wishes, much as little toy ducks and swans, which are hollow inside, are made to swim round in a basin of water after a stick of loadstone; only in the case of the exhibitor of animals the loadstone is hidden from the spectators. His trick, or mysterious talent, consists in the knowledge that the animal he wishes to train is not a little hollow duck or automaton, but that it has faculties corresponding to the lower psychical faculties in man, and that by the exercise of considerable patience it may be made, when the stimulus is applied, to repeat again and again a few actions in the same order. The question which concerns us to know is, has the dose of reason, or have these lower psychical faculties in the dog been so greatly developed during its long companionship with man as to raise it a great deal nearer to man's level, and place a great gulf between its mind and that of the pig or the crow? The gulf exists only in our imagination, and the "development" is a fairy-tale, of which Science was probably not the original author, but which she has thought proper to include, somewhat amplified and with new illustrations, in the recent edi-

tions of her collected works. The dog, taken directly from a wild life, if taken young, will be tame and understand and obey his master—numerous instances are on record—and if patiently trained will perform tricks just as wonderful as those that were related to an astonished audience at the late meeting of the British Association by a well-known writer and authority on zoological science. And in the mammalian division there are hundreds of species, some higher, some lower than the dog, which may be taught the same things, or other things equally wonderful. These greatly vaunted performances of the dog only prove that its mind is, and ever will be, what it was when, thousands of years ago, some compassionate woman took the pup her owner threw into her arms, and reared it, suckling it perhaps at her own breast; and when in after days it followed at the heels of its savage master and astonished him by assisting in the capture of his quarry.

It is not, then, the dog's intelligence, which is less than that of many other species, and is non-progressive in spite of all that training and selection can do, which makes it valuable to us. Nor has it any advantage over other species in those qualities of affection, fidelity, and good temper about which we hear so much rapturous language; for these things are lower down than reason and exist throughout the mammalian world, in animals high and low, little and big, from the harvest mouse to the hippopotamus. The dog is more valuable to us than other species because we have got him. We inherited him and were thereby saved a large amount of trouble. He is tame; the others are wild. His intellect is small and stationary, but his structure is variable, and, more important still, so are his instincts; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that new propensities, which often prove hereditary, and which by selection and training may be fixed and strengthened until they are made to resemble instincts,

are of frequent occurrence in him. The more or less settled propensities in our domestic animals, originating in the domestic state, are no doubt in one sense instincts, since they are of the nature of instinct and its beginnings; but the difference between them and the true natural instinct, which has had incalculable time to crystallize in, is greater than can be expressed. The last is the rock and eternal; the others are snow-flakes, formed in a moment, that settle and show white, and even before our sight is withdrawn melt away and vanish. This same variability, or habit of varying, is in some vague way taken as a proof of versatility; hence one reason of the popular notion that the dog is so vastly superior to other four-footed creatures. If a dog could be taught to turn a spit, find truffles, save a man from drowning or from perishing in a snow-drift, point out a partridge, retrieve a wounded duck, kill twenty rats in as many seconds, and herd a flock of sheep, then it would indeed be an animal to marvel at. These are special instincts or incipient instincts, and to bestow such epithets as "generous" and "noble" on a dog for pulling a drowning man out of the water, or scratching him out of a snow-drift, is fully as irrational as it would be to call the swallow and cuckoo intrepid explorers of the Dark Continent, or to praise the hive-bees of the working cast for their chastity, loyalty, and patriotism, and for their profound knowledge of chemistry and the higher mathematics, as shown in their works. Cross the dogs and these various propensities, which being useful to man and not to the animals themselves are preserved artificially, fade away and disappear, and from moving artificially apart in twenty different grooves the animals all revert to the one old simple groove in which they were first found by man. This much may then be said in favour of the dog: he is plastic. The plasticity is probably due to domestication, to the variety of conditions to which he is subjected as man's com-

panion in all regions of the globe, the selection which separates and preserves new varieties as they arise, and the crossing again of widely-separated breeds. This is a question which will never be settled. That he is plastic must be our excuse for determining to make the most we can of him to the complete exclusion of all other species, which might or might not prove plastic in the same degree. The fowl and pigeon are plastic, while the goose, guinea-fowl, pheasant and peacock vary little or not at all. Nature may have better things than the dog, but we cannot guess her secrets, and to find them out by experiment would take a very long time. A bird in the hand, any bird, even a cock-sparrow, is better than all the birds of paradise that are in the bush. The other animals will serve us for sport while they last; and when they are gone we shall be gone too, and deaf to whatever unkind things our posterity may say of us. The dog is with us, esteemed above all brutes, our favourite, and we shall give him no cause for jealousy.

If we had him not, if we had never had him or had forgotten his memory, and were to go out again to select a friend and companion from the beasts of the field, the wild dog would be passed by without a thought. There is nothing in him to attract, but on the contrary much to repel. In a state of nature he is an animal of disgusting habits, with a vulture-like preference for dead and decomposing meat. Cowardly he also is, yet when unopposed displays a bloodthirstiness almost without a parallel among true beasts of prey. Nor does he possess any compensating beauty or sagacity, and compared with many carnivores he is neither sharp-sighted nor fleet of foot. Some keen genealogist might be tempted to ask, Which wild dog is here meant? He may follow his fancy and choose his own wild dog—jackal, dhole, baunsuah, wolf; or take them all, and even include the coyote, as Darwin did. The multiple origin

of the domestic dog is by no means an improbable theory; but it is also highly probable that the jackal had by far the largest share in his parentage. There are also reasons for believing that most of the wild dogs, including the dingo, have sprung from tame breeds; and, as a fact, the wild dogs with which the writer is most familiar are known to be the descendants of domestic animals which ran away from their masters and adopted a feral life.

Out of this same coarse material man, unconsciously imitating Nature's method, has fashioned his favourite; or rather, since the dog has become so divergent in his keeping, his large group of favourites, with their various forms and propensities. Only now, too late by some thousands of years, he is able to see that it was a mistake to go so low in the first place, to have contentedly taken base metal, dull-witted barbarian that he was, when he might just as well have taken gold. For the baseness of the metal shows in spite of much polishing to make it shine. Polishing powders we have, but not the powders of projection; and the dog, with all his new propensities, remains mentally a jackal, above some mammals and below others; nor can he outlive old instincts which become increasingly offensive as civilization raises and refines his master man.

How did our belief in the mental superiority of this animal come to exist? Doubtless it came about through our intimacy with the dog, in the fields where he helped us, and in our houses where we made a pet of him, together with our ignorance of the true character of other animals. All animals were to us simply "brutes that perish", and "natural brute beasts made to be taken and destroyed", with no faculties at all resembling ours; and when it was discovered that the dog could be made to understand many things, and that he had some feelings in common with us, and was capable of great

affection, which sometimes caused him to pine at his master's loss, and in some instances even to die of grief; and that in all these things he was, or seemed to be, widely separated from other domestic brutes, the notion grew up that he was essentially different, an animal set apart for man's benefit, and, finally, that he had been specially created for such an object. Thus, Youatt says, "The dog, next to the human being, ranks highest in intelligence, and was evidently designed to be the companion and friend of man"; and in another place he says that it is highly probable that he descended from no such inferior and worthless animal as the jackal or wolf, but was originally created, somewhat as we now find him—the associate and friend of man.

This was not so very hard to believe in the pre-Darwinian days, since domesticated dogs, and even some of the breeds which we now possess, were known to have existed between three and four thousand years ago, while the world was only supposed to have existed about six thousand years. It seems probable that this curious superstition of the dog's special creation grew up gradually and only became popular in very recent times. It was gladly seized on by the poets, who made as much out of it as they had formerly done out of the melody of the dying swan; and the artists were not slow in following their example. A dog may be choked with pudding, but the human mind greedily gulped down as much of this mawkish dog-sentiment as any person, with misdirected talents, chose to manufacture for it.

Then the evolutionists came, teaching that the earth is old, and that all the living things on it are the descendants of one or of a very few primordial forms, and as a consequence of such teaching the special creation of the dog was no longer tenable. How then came the dog-superstition—the belief in its superiority—to survive so rude a shock? For the evolutionists taught that all the brutes possess, potentially

and in germ, all the faculties found in man, and the conclusion seems unavoidable that there must be a correspondence in the physical and psychical development, and that the greatest mental and moral powers must exist in the animals of the highest grades; that the mammal must be more rational than the bird, and the bird than the reptile, and the reptile than the insect; and that the hyæna, civit, and mongoose are nearer to us than the dog, the cats above the mongoose, and the monkeys higher still. Why then was not the dog relegated to a lower place? Dr. Lauder Lindsay has given the reason: "The mental scale—the scale of intellectual and moral development—is not quite synonymous with the zoological scale. The most intellectual and moral animals are not necessarily those nearest to man in the classification commonly adopted by zoologists." Furthermore it has been assumed that contact with man has had the effect of enlarging the dog's mind, and making him, beyond all other animals, intellectual, moral, and even religious.

It ought to be a great comfort to those who devote themselves to canine pets, and to canophilists generally (a pretty new word) to know that the philosophers are at one with them. To some others it will perhaps add a new terror to existence if students of dog-psychology generally should feel themselves tempted to imitate a recent illustrious example, and go about the country lecturing on the marvellous development of mind in their respective pets. Leibnitz once gave an account of a dog that talked; and quite recently a writer in a London journal related how, in a sheltered spot among the rocks on a lonely Scotch moor, he stumbled on an old shepherd playing whist with his colley. Nothing approaching to these cases in dramatic interest can be looked for in the apprehended discourses. The animal to be described will as a rule be of a quiet, thoughtful character proper in a philosopher's dog; not fond of

display or much given to wild flights of imagination. He will only show that he possesses that faculty when asleep and barking at the heels of a dream-hare,—“in dreams the little birds their songs repeat.” He will show a deep affection for his master, like the teal spoken of in this article; also a strong sense of proprietorship, again like the teal and like the tame snake described by White of Selborne—a display of intellect which strangely simulates an instinct common to all creatures. And he will also show an intelligent curiosity, and examine things to find out what they are, and prove himself a very agreeable companion; as much so as Mr. Benjamin Kidd's pet humble-bee, described some months ago in one of the magazines. Moreover he will be accomplished enough to sit up and beg, retrieve a walking-stick from the Serpentine, close an open door, &c.; and besides these ordinary things he will do things extraordinary, such as picking up numbered or lettered cards, red, blue and yellow, at his master's bidding; in fact such tricks as a pig will perform without being very learned, not a Porson of its kind, but only possessing the ordinary porcine abilities. In conclusion the lecturer will bring up the savage, not in person, but a savage evolved from his inner consciousness, and compare its understanding with that of the dog, or of his dog, and the poor savage will have very much the worst of the comparison.

We have come to the end of the dog's mind, and have arrived at that other question to which allusion has been made. The dog has a body as well as a soul, senses, appetites, and instincts, and it is worth while inquiring whether contact with man has had the same ameliorating effect on these as it is supposed to have had on his psychical faculties. In other words, has he ceased to be a jackal? For if a negative answer must be given, it follows that, however fit to be the servant, the dog is scarcely fit to be the intimate associate and friend of

man; for friendship implies a similarity in habits, if nothing more, and man is not by nature an unclean animal.

Dr. Romanes, in his work on "Mental Evolution of Animals", speaks of what he calls unpleasant survivals in the dog, such as burying food until it becomes offensive before eating it, turning round and round on the hearthrug before lying down, rolling in filth, &c. &c., and he says that they have remained unaffected by contact with man because these instincts being neither useful nor harmful have never been either cultivated or repressed. From which it may be inferred that in his opinion these disagreeable habits may be got rid of in time. But why does he call them survivals? If the action, so frequently observed in the dog, of turning round several times before lying down, is correctly ascribed to an ancient habit in the wild animal of treading down the grass to make a bed to sleep on, it is rightly called a survival, and is a habit neither useful nor harmful in the domesticated state, which has never been either cultivated or repressed, and will not in time disappear. Thus far it is easy to agree with Dr. Romanes. The other offensive instinct of the dog, of which burying meat to make it putrid, rolling in filth, &c. &c., are different manifestations, is not a survival, in the sense in which zoologists use that word, any more than the desire of the well-fed cat for the canary, and of the hen-hatched ducklings for the pond, are survivals. These are important instincts which have never ceased to operate. The dog is a flesh-eater with a preference for carrion, and his senses of taste and smell are correlated, and carrion attracts him just as fruit attracts the frugivorous bat. Man's smelling sense and the dog's do not correspond; they are inverted, and what is delightful to one is disgusting to the other. "A cur's tail may be warmed and pressed and bound round with ligatures, and after twelve years of labour bestowed on it, it will retain

its original form", is an Oriental saying. In like manner the dog may be shut up in an atmosphere of oppopanax and frangipane for twelve hundred years and he will love the smell of carrion still. When the dog runs frisking and barking, he expresses gladness; and he expresses a still greater degree of gladness by madly rolling, feet up, on the grass, uttering a continuous purring growl. The discovery of a carrion-smell on the grass will always cause the dog to behave in this way. It is the something wanting still in the life of enforced separation from the odours that delight him; and when he unexpectedly discovers a thing of this kind his joy is uncontrolled. His sense of smell is much keener than ours; it is probably more to him than sight is to us; he lives in it, and the odours that are agreeable to him afford him the highest pleasure of which he is capable. We can do much with a dog, but there is a limit to what we can do; we can no more alter the character of his sense of smell than we can alter the colour of his blood.

"The dog is a worshipper of man," says Dr. Lauder Lindsay, "and is, or may be, made in the image of the being he worships." That refers merely to the animal's intellectual and moral nature; or, in other words, it is the fashionable "inverted or biological anthropomorphism" of the day, of which we shall all probably be heartily ashamed by and by; just now we are concerned with a more important matter, to wit, the dog's nose. Its character may be seen even in the most artificial breeds, that is to say, in those which have most widely diverged from the parent-form and are entirely dependent on us, such as pugs and toy-terriers. The pampered lapdog in the midst of his comforts has one great thorn in his side, one perpetual misery to endure, in the perfumes which please his mistress. He too is a little Venetian in his way, but his way is not hers. The camphor-wood chest in her room

is an offence to him, the case of glass-stoppered scents an abomination. All fragrant flowers are as asafetida to his exquisite nostrils, and his face is turned aside in very ill-concealed disgust from the sandal-wood box or fan. It is warm and soft on her lap, but an incurable grief to be so near her pocket-handkerchief, saturated with nasty white-rose or lavender. If she must perfume herself with flowery essences he would prefer an essential oil expressed from the gorgeous *Rafflesia Arnoldi* of the Bornean forest, or even from the humble carrion-flower which blossoms nearer home.

The moral of all this is, that while the dog has become far too useful for us to think of parting with it—useful in a thousand ways, and likely to be useful in a thousand more, as new breeds arise with modified forms and with new unimagined propensities—it would be a blessed thing, both for man and dog, to draw the line at useful animals, to put and keep them in their place, which is not the house, and value them at their proper worth, as we do our horses, pigs, cows, goats, sheep and rabbits.

But there is a place in the human heart, the female heart especially, which would be vacant without an animal to love and fondle, a desire to have some furred creature for a friend—not a feathered creature, albeit feathered pets are common enough, because, owing to the bird's organization, to be handled is often painful and injurious to it, and in any case it deranges the feathers; and this love is unsatisfied and feels itself defrauded of its due unless it can be expressed in the legitimate mammalian way, which is to have contact with its object, to touch with the fingers and caress. Fortunately such a feeling or instinct can be amply gratified without the dog; there are scores, perhaps hundreds, of species incomparably before this animal in all estimable qualities, which can be touched with hand and lips without defilement. Only a few need be mentioned in this place.

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One of the first animals worthy of so high a distinction, which would occur to many travelled men, is the marmoset: a fairy monkey in its smallness and extreme beauty, clothed in long soft hair with a lustre as of spun silk; in manners pleasantly tricky, but not scatter-brained and wildly capricious like its larger irresponsible relations, which is an advantage. No visitor to the Brazils can have failed to be charmed with these small animals, which are frequently kept as pets by ladies, and among pets they are surpassed by none in attachment to their mistress.

A nobler animal, capable of endearing itself to man as well as woman, is the lemur, of which there are several very beautiful species. Strong, agile, swift and graceful in action, as the monkey, to which it is related, but with an even, placid disposition; monkey-like in form, but without the monkey's angularities and that appearance of spareness which reminds one of a naked, half-starved Hindoo. He has a better proportioned figure for beauty, and his dark, richly-coloured coat of woolly fur gives a pleasing roundness to his form. Moreover, he has not got the monkey's pathetic old man's withered countenance, but a sharp, somewhat vulpine face, black as ebony, a suitable setting for his chief glory—the luminous eyes, of every shining yellow colour seen in gold, topaz, and cat's-eye. "Night wood-ghost", the natives name it on account of its brilliant eyes which shine by night, and its motions in the trees, swift and noiseless as the flight of an owl. He is of ancient lineage, one of Nature's aristocrats; a child of the savage forest, as you can see in the flashing hostile orbs, and in the combined ease and power of its motions; yet withal of a sweet and placable temper.

Even among the small-brained rodents we should not look in vain for favourites; and foremost in attractiveness are perhaps the squirrels, inhabiting all climates. Blithe-hearted as

birds and as volatile in disposition, almost aerial in their habits, and in some tropical, richly-coloured forms resembling cuckoos and other long-tailed, graceful avians, as they run leaping from branch to branch among the trees; what animation and marvellous swiftness of motion they display, what an endless variety of pretty whimsical attitudes and gestures! "All the motions of a squirrel imply spectators as much as those of a dancing girl," says Thoreau. They are easily tamed, coming at call to be fed from the hand; how strange it seems that they are not domestic, and found at every house in town and country where there are trees! Their unflinching spirits and fantastic performances would have a wholesome effect on our too sombre minds, and in cities like London would bring us a thought of the alert life and eternal gladness of Nature.

For those who would prefer a more terrestrial rodent, yet one more daintily fashioned than the rough-cast rabbit and guinea-pig, there are others. For a large animal the beautiful Patagonian dilochothis, like no other mammalian in its form, double the size of the hare, and a docile pet when tamed; and for a small one the charming lagidium, or Andean vizcacha, with rabbit-like ears, long tail, arched like a squirrel's, the fur blue-gray in colour above, and beneath golden yellow. And the chinchilla, white and pale gray, with round leaf-like ears, and soft dove's eyes—a rare and delicate creature. There is in this small mountain troglodyte something poetic, tender, flower-like—a mammalian *edelweiss*. Poor little hunted chinchilla, did the Incas of old love you more than we do now, who love you only dead? For you were also of the great mountains, where Viracocha sat on his throne of snow, and the coming sun-god first touched your stony dwelling-places with rose and amber flame; and perhaps they regarded you as an animal sacred to the Immortals. If so, then you have indeed lost your friends, for we have no such fancies, and spare not.

It is a great descent, in more senses than one, to the prairie marmot—from the mountain to the plain, and from the beautiful to the grotesque; yet this dweller on the flat earth, gross in form and coarse in colour, is a great pleasure-giver. He tickles the sense of the ludicrous, and it is good to laugh. His staring eyes, spasmodic gestures, and barking exclamations, are almost painful, they are so genuine; for what an unearthly-looking monster one must seem to him! He is a gnome who has somehow stumbled out of his subterranean abode, and is overwhelmed with astonishment at everything he sees in this upper world. Then there is the agouti, with pointed head, beautifully arched back, and legs slender, proportionately, as the gazelle's; its resemblance in form to the small musk deer has been remarked—a rodent moulded in the great Artist-Mother's happiest mood. The colour of its coat, relieved only by its pink ears and a broad shining black stripe on the back, is red Venetian gold, the hue which the old Italian masters gave to the tresses of their angelic women. A mild-tempered animal, which may be taken from its native woods and made tame in a few days. Many of the smaller rodents might also be mentioned, such as the quaint bird-like jerboa, and the variegated loucheres; and so on down even to the minute harvest-mouse. Forms and sizes to suit all tastes; for why should we all have alike? Let fashion in pets go out with the canines.

To go back to the other extreme, from low to high, there are the wild cats inhabiting all desert places on the globe. Tigers and leopards made small; clouded, or with a clear golden ground-colour, pale or red gold or gray, and black-striped, barred zebra-like, or spotted, or with the colours disposed in strange patterns, beautifully harmonious. As in the lemurs, and surpassing them, here are brilliant luminous eyes and great strength of sinew; but these are not of peace: the serpent-like silence of

the movements and fateful stillness of the lithe form, and the round watchful orbs that seem like the two fiery gems set in a carved figure of rich stone—these betray the deadly purpose. Yet their hearts may also be conquered with kindness. The domestic cat is a proof of it; she is found in most houses, and whether we make a pet of her or not, long familiarity has given her a place in our affections. But when we go from home, and visit regions infinitely richer in life than our own, it surprises and offends us to meet with the same cat still; for it looks as if man had failed, in the midst of so much variety, to find anything better or equally good. Nature abhors monotony; why should we force it on her to our own disadvantage?

Here then we have a few mammalian forms gathered at random from several widely separated families, each as it were the final and highest effort of Nature in one particular direction—"the bright consummate flower" in a group, the other members of which seem by comparison coarse and unfinished. We boast to be lovers of the beautiful, and it is here in its highest form. Birds may be said to have a greater beauty, but it is different in kind; and they are winged and far from us. They are of the sky and their forms are aerial; and their aerial nature is not in touch with ours. For the mammalians we, who are also mammals and bound to earth, have a greater sympathy, and their beauty has for us a more enduring charm. If it is out of our sight and far removed from most of us, and growing further year by year, we have only ourselves to blame. For how rich are the mountains and forests and desert places of the earth, where we sometimes go to slay Nature's un-

tamed beautiful children, assisted in our task by that servant and friend that is so worthy of us! And on the other hand, how poor are our houses and villages and cities! The dog is there, inherited from barbarous progenitors, who tamed him not to be a pet or friend, but to assist them in their quest for flesh, and for other purposes; to be a scavenger, as he still is in Eastern countries, or, as in the case of the ancient Hyrcanians, to devour the corpses of their dead. He is there, but his title is bad; why should we suffer him! We may wash him daily with many waters, but the jackal taint remains. That which Nature has made unclean let it be unclean still, for we cannot make it different. Her lustral water which purifies for ever is a secret to our chemistry. Or if not altogether a secret, if, as some imagine, the ingredients may be dimly guessed, they are too slow for us in their working. Man's years are limited and his purposes change. Nature has all time for her processes; "the eternal years of God are hers." Moreover, there is nothing we can desire and not find in her garden, which has infinite variety. Why should we cherish a carrion flower, and wear it in our bosoms, while carelessly trampling on so many bright and beautiful blooms? It is a pity to trample on them, since the effect of so destructive a habit is to make them rare; and "rarity," as Darwin aptly observes, "is the precursor to extinction." And perhaps by and by, blaming ourselves for the past, we shall be diligently seeking everywhere for them, anxious to find and to bring them into our houses, where they will serve to sweeten our imaginations and be a joy for ever.

THE YOUNG SULPICIUS.¹

A CASE OF OVER-PRESSURE IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

IN one of the new sculpture galleries in the Capitoline Museum at Rome there stands a sepulchral monument brought from the Porta Salaria and dedicated to the memory of Q. Sulpicius Maximus. To describe this monument and to set forth so much as can be learned from it of the history of this otherwise unknown Sulpicius Maximus is the object of this paper.

The Salarian Gate of Rome, from which it was brought, had an interesting history. Erected over the Via Salaria, or, as we may translate it, the Salter's Road, which in the early days of the Republic only availed for the transport of salt from Ostia to the Sabine mountains, but which afterwards stretched far away north-eastwards till it reached Ancona by the sea, the Porta Salaria was perhaps first built by the Emperor Aurelian (the conqueror of Zenobia) about 270 A.D. and afterwards repaired by order of Honorius in the year 403. It was by the Salarian Gate that Alaric entered Rome on the terrible night of the 24th of August, 410, when the mighty Queen of the world endured the first of that long series of successful sieges which for centuries were the most memorable events in her history. Still, only seventeen years ago the visitor to Rome might see the Porta Salaria of Honorius and Alaric substantially unchanged. An unadorned archway of squared stone with a gallery pierced by three windows above, and with two massive round towers built of the well-known square bricks of the Em-

pire, one on either side—such is the picture which Mr. Parker's photograph (taken, I suppose, about 1870) brings before us.

Now all is changed. In that same year, 1870, the army of Victor Emmanuel having effected a practicable breach in the walls between the Salarian and Nomentan gates entered Rome and won the city of the Popes for the kingdom of Italy. The breach in the old wall of Aurelian was repaired: of that no archæologist can complain. But what seems far less necessary was that the restorers proceeded to pull down the Porta Salaria, which, though in a somewhat ruinous condition, was not apparently actually unsafe, and replaced it by a modern and somewhat ugly edifice, which may in the course of a thousand years or so gather some interesting associations around it, but which can never be the venerable gateway which spanned a millennium and a half from Alaric to Victor.

There was, however, a slight compensation for this loss. In removing the Honorian gateway the workmen found some tombs, apparently three in number, embedded in these massive structures. These tombs evidently once stood outside the city at a little distance from the Porta Collina, the gate which in the old and more limited line of defence corresponded with the Porta Salaria. They were then extra-mural tombs lining one of the great roads leading out of the city, like the more famous sepulchres along the Via Appia and Via Latina. When the Porta Salaria was built they were remorselessly included in its towers. It seems strange at first sight that monuments of this kind should have been encased in works of military defence; but visitors to Rome who remember the

¹ Originally delivered as a lecture in the immediate neighbourhood of the Roman camp of Conducum. The author has to acknowledge his debt to Signor Visconti's book, "*Sepulcro del Fanciullo Quinto Sulpicio Massimo*," (Rome, 1871.)

noble tomb of Eurysaces the baker, which was similarly exposed to view when, fifty years ago, the round towers which flanked the Porta Maggiore were demolished, will not be surprised at a repetition of the same phenomenon at the Porta Salaria. With the other tombs we have no present concern. The *cippus* of Sulpicius Maximus was dug out from the ruins of the eastern tower and conveyed, as I have said, to the Capitoline Museum. We will now leave the Salarian Gate and following the fortunes of the *cippus* we will examine it in its new home on the Capitoline Hill.

It is made of marble and is forty-five inches high, thirty-four wide, and twenty-seven thick. It is of the shape usual in this kind of monument, crowned with a pediment and with anti-fixes at the corners. In the middle of the pediment is a wreath of laurel, with fillets flying from it; in the anti-fixes are in-wrought acanthus leaves and berries. On the sides of the monument are found, as usual, the jug and the *patera*.

All this is not unlike a thousand other sepulchral monuments found in Britain, in Gaul, wherever the Roman has set his foot, and buried his dead. But under the pediment is a deep recess in which is placed a statue in high relief. The nose, right eye, and right hand have suffered mutilation, perhaps from the pickaxe of the excavator, but all the rest of the statue is in admirable preservation; and it is easy to see that it depicts a boy dressed in a *toga*, standing as if in the act of recitation and holding in his hand a scroll, half-unrolled, upon which is written an inscription in Greek letters.

The flat surface of the monument on either side of the recess is covered with a closely written inscription also in Greek letters. Below is a somewhat larger and clearer Latin inscription; and below that again two Greek epigrams in the same small and crowded character which we see on the upper part of the monument. "It may be

truly said," writes Signor Visconti, "that never was there seen a monument of so small size so tormented with inscriptions."

To understand the meaning of this strange memorial and to learn the story of the boy we will go first to the Latin inscription which being translated runs as follows:

Sacred to the Divine Shades. To Quintus Sulpicius Maximus, son of Quintus of the Claudian tribe. In his house at Rome he lived eleven years, five months, and twelve days. He, in the third lustrum of the contest among fifty-two Greek poets, having entered the lists, turned the favour which he had excited on account of his tender age into admiration for his genius, and with honour recited verses extemporized by him. They are here subjoined that his parents may not seem to have indulged their affections. Q. Sulpicius Euphrasius and Licinia Januaria, most unhappy parents, erected this tomb for their most dutiful son and for themselves and their posterity.

Here we at once get the key to the meaning of the inscription-tormented monument. A little Roman boy under twelve years of age had beaten fifty-two Greek poets in some kind of literary competition, and had died perhaps in the moment of victory, at any rate shortly after. He is buried here, and his verses are carved upon his tomb that his parents may not seem to have been blinded by partiality in the high estimate which they formed of their son.

Now can we get a date for this interesting event? Almost with certainty we can. The words *tertio certaminis lustrum* are referred by the apparently unanimous consent of scholars to the Agon Capitolinus, a sort of literary tournament instituted in the year 86 A.D., and if this conjecture be correct the recitation of Sulpicius Maximus took place 94 A.D.

A few notes of contemporaneous events may be here inserted in order to remind the reader of what was going on in the world in this same year when this youthful poet recited his verses. Domitian, last of the Flavian

line and brother of Titus the conqueror of Jerusalem, had been for thirteen years lord of the Roman world. The few favourable signs which had at first appeared in his character had almost entirely vanished, and he was settling down into that condition of hopeless, sullen, suspicious hatred of his kind which is the worst malady of the despot. Two years later he was to be murdered in his bedroom and the world was again to breathe freely on hearing of his assassination. In the year 94 Agricola, the first Roman general who traversed Northern Britain, the general who probably founded Eboracum and Eborac (York), and Chesters in Northumberland, had been already a year dead; and his faithful friend and son-in-law, Cornelius Tacitus, was probably preparing to write his biography.

In the next year prevailing, according to the ecclesiastical tradition, the Apostle John was sent into banishment at Patmos, where he wrote his Revelation. It is tolerably certain that, if he was still alive at this time, all his fellow-Apostles were already in the grave. In letters, Juvenal, Martial, Statius, and the younger Pliny are, along with Tacitus, the representative names of the period, the Silver Age, as it is generally called, of Latin literature.

With all his many vices Domitian was a man of some literary culture, himself an author and a patron of authors; and the institution of the Agon Capitolinus was one of the praiseworthy deeds of his reign. We learn (from Suetonius) that it consisted of a three-fold contest—musical, equestrian, and gymnastic. With the two latter we have nothing now to do: the musical contest, in its wider significance of being connected with the service of the Muses, doubtless included the recitation of verses made impromptu. The equestrian and gymnastic contests seem to have taken place in the Campus Martius. I do not find that it is distinctly stated

where the literary contest was held, but it seems not unlikely that it was in the Capitol itself. If so, the monument of the young Sulpicius, now lodged in the Capitoline Museum, has been brought back to the scene of his childish triumph.

A careful German writer has, by collecting various passages of Roman authors, drawn for us an interesting picture of the proceedings of the Agon Capitolinus.

The Emperor presided, dressed in a Grecian mantle of purple, and in Grecian sandals; on his head a golden wreath with medals of the three Capitoline gods, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva: as assessors and judges of the tournament were the Flamen of Jupiter and the priestly college of the Flavian house in similar attire; only that in their wreaths the medal of the Emperor was also introduced. The prize for Greek and Latin poetry, which was in its way unique, remained the highest aim of poetical ambition throughout the whole Roman Empire, and the hope of receiving this wreath, woven of olive and oak leaves, from the hand of the Emperor, led poets of talent from the remotest provinces across the sea into the Capitol. The splendour and the solemnity of the festal gathering, the presence of the highest personages of the Court and of the great dignitaries of the Empire, the bestowal of the crown by the hand of the Emperor himself, the world-wide celebrity of the place—all this united to make the honour of receiving the poet's crown, in its way, one of solitary and intoxicating triumph.

Such was the honour received by the little Sulpicius in the twelfth year of his age. Fifty-two other poets, speaking Greek as their native tongue, contended for the prize. When the youthful competitor entered the lists, pity for his tender years and pale study-worn face was at first the prevailing emotion with the spectators; but pity was changed into admiration as he declaimed without hesitation or faltering his sonorous hexameters; and when the forty-third line was reached, he sat down, as we may venture to conjecture, amid a tumult of applause. Even the sad, suspicious face of Domitian wore

an unaccustomed smile as he placed the wreath of olive and oak-leaves on the square head of the little conqueror.

The plan pursued at the Agon Capitolinus was evidently that some subject, probably of a mythological character, should be propounded to the competitors, who had then to mount the *rostrum* and extemporise upon the given theme. How far were the verses absolutely extemporised? Surely the poets must have had at least a quarter of an hour given them to arrange their thoughts and fit their words into hexameters. Had the latest called champion the advantage of the whole time during which his competitors were declaiming? If so, is it not probable that the little Sulpicius was called last, and had the benefit of the time (probably something like two hours) during which the fifty-two Greeks were successively reciting their poems? All these are questions which we cannot answer except by a peradventure.

The subject propounded at the Agon of 94 was the rebuke of Zeus to the Sun-god for lending his chariot to Phaethon. I have often wondered what natural phenomena suggested, even to the fertile myth-making fancy of the Greeks, the fable of Phaethon driving the chariot of the Sun, of his perilous deviation from the prescribed track, of the danger caused thereby to the whole "visible scheme and constitution of things," of Jove's lightning-flash and the young charioteer's headlong fall into the river Po, by the banks of which his sisters, who had yoked the coursers of light, stood shedding amber tears till they were transformed into those weeping poplars, the descendants of which border the great river of Lombardy to this day. Surely, as I have said, even the infinite mythopoetic faculty of Hellas needed some suggestion for such a wild imagination as this. Can there have been some year of heat and drought beyond any that mortal man had before known? Can this have gone on

till the harvest was on the point of perishing and the cattle were everywhere dying of thirst? Then, when the world was well-nigh in despair, did there come a sudden thunderstorm which wrapped the heavens in blackness, and did one bright bolt suddenly descend from the gloom into the overshadowed plain of Lombardy? Who can tell? But this is one of the attempts to rationalize the fairy-tales of ancient Greece which pass among scholars by the contemptuous name of Euhemerism.

Here, at any rate, transcribed from the sepulchral monument and rendered into English metre, is the extemporary poem of Quintus Sulpicius Maximus on the subject: What words would Zeus use in rebuking the Sun for giving his chariot to Phaethon?

Phœbus! the sovran Gods ordained but thee
The world's light-bearing charioteer to be.
Why didst thou set thy mischief-minded son
High on the Olympian arch, rash Phaethon?
Why didst thou trust to him each fiery steed,
Swift with its all unutterable speed?
Disloyal to the Gods those thoughts of thine,
When thou to him thine office didst resign.
Whither was then thy well-hung chariot hurled!
How did thy tameless fires o'erspread the world!
E'en to my throne roll up their waves of fear,
And toss proud menace to the starry sphere.
Then raised his hands to heaven old Ocean's king,
Of all his rivers dried was every spring;
Demeter saw her seed to ashes burn;
The peasant wept for earth's ingrate return;
Parched was the sickle's spoil; all vainly now
His steers had bent them 'neath the curving plough:
Vainly himself had toiled till set of sun,
For all their vast acquirement was undone.
So groaned all Earth for one fond foolish boy;
Then with my flash did I his flame destroy!

Mourn thou no more thy son's untimely
fate,
But mind the duties of thy heavenly state,
Or fierier levin from my hand await.
Know thou the mind of Jove. By Heaven's
Queen
I swear, no worse deed hath Olympus seen.
My world—thy charge—thus lightly held
by thee—
Past things are past—give thought to
things to be.
No son of thine was that ill-fated wight;
He never knew thy coursers' boundless
might,
Nor learnt the mystery of the reins aright.
And now return: Survey the subject
lands;
Give not thy glory into alien hands.
Foul the surrender; since by thee alone,
When seated on thy fiery chariot-throne,
The East shall be beneath thy horse-hoofs
pressed,
And thine the glories of the flaming West.
This charge hath Wisdom given thee:
keep the same;
Spare thou the world and all this glorious
frame;
Still hold thy path through midmost vault
of heaven;
Thus Gods approve: thus times to men
are given—
The Gods,—for oh! how then the Gods did
yearn
To see the light thy son had quenched re-
turn.
Then journey through the immeasurable
sky,
Half under earth thy course and half on
high.
So shall Immortals hail thy radiance fair,
And so shall mortals greet their granted
prayer.
Proof of my favour thus mayest thou re-
ceive;
But if again thou dardest thy charge to
leave,
These stars be witness—straight my levin
brand
Hurled from on high by this avenging
hand,
Speeding more swiftly than thy coursers
wild,
Shall slay the Father as they slew his
Child.

The poem, which is forty-three lines
long in the original, has grown into
fifty-four under my hand, and I am
conscious that not only by greater dif-
fuseness but in other ways the work
of the young poet has suffered from

my attempt to reproduce it. It cannot
be questioned that, whether absolutely
extemporary or not, we have here a
marvellous work to have proceeded
from a brain that was little more than
eleven years old. There is, it is true,
a certain want of progress in the poem
—the same topics come up again and
again: there is hardly any distinct
beginning, middle, or end. But these
are exactly the faults which an im-
promptu poet would be most likely to
commit; and to my mind they
strengthen the probability that the
work (though perhaps a little re-
touched) is essentially what it calls it-
self, a *Kaίριον*, or work of the moment.

On the other hand, the sonorous
flow of the Greek hexameter is well
maintained; there are few halting or
defective lines: there is a certain ma-
jesty in the young poet's conception of
the King of Gods and men; and if that
majesty somewhat evaporates in the
course of the long invective addressed
to the bereaved father, this fault must
be laid at the door of the judges who
prescribed such a subject for a compo-
sition which no doubt had to be of a
certain length. Truly Homer would
have expressed the wrath of Olympian
Zeus in fewer and weightier words; but
then Homer had only himself to
satisfy, not the golden-wreathed priests
and flamens who were sitting at the
side of the Emperor of the world.

To complete the description of the
monument, it only remains to give the
substance of the two Greek epigrams
which fill its lower portion. I have
said that they are in Greek, and I like
to cherish the fancy (for which I have
no atom of proof) that they were
written by two of his competitors in
the Agon, perhaps those two who, but
for the sudden apparition of the
childish genius, were considered to
divide between them the certainty of
winning the crown of olive.

I.

Here, my twelve short summers ended,
Maximus, I lie in gloom;
Ne'er before so young a champion
Passed from journey to the tomb.

Weariness and sickness slew me ;
For I turned my mind away
Nor at eve nor dewy morning
From the Muses' mighty lay.

Stand, I pray thee ; stand a moment,
For the boy's sake who is dead,
Till of my impromptu poem
Thou the flowing lines hast read.

Wouldst thou bless me ? Say ; this only,
While in tears thou there dost stand,
" Youthful poet ! mayst thou journey
To the fair Elysian land ;
For thy songs shall live for ever,
Safe from Pluto's envious hand."

II.

Small thy tomb, but great thy glory,
Maximus, who here dost lie !
For the Muses, who have loved thee,
Shall upraise thee to the sky.

Fate all-pitiless might slay thee,
But she could not quench thy name ;
But she could not slay the verses
Which have earned thee deathless
fame.

Not a wayfarer who passes,
As he stands thy tomb below,
Will with stony eyes and tearless
Mark thy lines' harmonious flow.

This shall answer for thy glory
Through the long long years that fly ;
Not unnamed nor unremembered
'Mid the vile dead thou shalt lie ;
Brighter far than gold or amber
Shall thy pages shine for aye.

Did all these panegyrics, the marble tomb and the deathless verses and the sympathy of senators and legates, console Eugramus and Januaria for the death of their child ? What ambitious dreams had they cherished concerning him ? Was he to have followed the profession of a rhetorician, to have pleaded in the court of the Prefect, perhaps to have rivalled the fame of his contemporary Gaius as a maker of Roman law ? One thing only seems clear, that the boy's life was sacrificed to that too early triumph. There is truth in what his friends said about the immortality of his fame. Safely guarded by the grim towers of Honorius, against which the waves of war have dashed themselves for fourteen centuries, his tomb and his verses have been now at length revealed ; and we, dwellers in remote and misty Britain, sitting almost within the precincts of the camp which was perhaps founded in the lifetime of Maximus by Julius Agricola, we have this evening been studying the sonorous verses of the Infant Prodigy of Rome. But whether this remote and posthumous triumph was worth one hour of the poet's happy boyhood, stolen from him by his assiduous worship of the Muses, I know not ; and who knows ?

THOMAS HODGKIN.

THE STUDY OF FIELD-NAMES.

At a time when the editors of the great Oxford dictionary are gathering in every word which has been current in English literature during the last seven centuries, and when dialect-words are being collected in every shire in England, we may wonder that so few should have stooped to pick up that wayside flower of the Old English language, the field-name.

For curious field-names may be found in every rural parish. It is as easy to collect them as to gather specimens for the *herbarium*. Nor is the one pursuit less useful or less instructive than the other. Each leads its votaries into the woods and fields; each must observe time and place. It is when the specimens have to be explained or classified that the difference between the two pursuits is most plainly manifested. The way to the keys which will unlock the mysteries of many field-names is as steep as the hill of Parnassus. He who would get hold of those keys must travel *deserta per ardua*. The task of the botanist is far less difficult. He, at least, can examine the flower, count the petals and sepals, turn to his books of reference, and be assured that his judgment is right. The collector of field-names must find the explanation of his curious word in a dictionary, if he can. Probably he will be misled by some similarity of spelling, and get hold of the wrong word altogether; more probably he will not be able to find the word he is in search of at all. But let him not lose courage or patience. When he has got together many field-names from many parishes he will find that some, at all events, of his difficulties are cleared up. He will make them out accidentally in the course of his reading—for I assume that he has some philological tastes—the truth dawning upon him when he least expects it.

The numerous interesting facts which may be learned from a study of field-names (in which term I include the names of fields, rocks, old houses, streams, hills, &c.) will be best shown by a few examples, taken mostly from places with which I am personally familiar.

A good and simple example is Thrift House. I know one old country-house which bears this name, and there are doubtless others elsewhere. Popular conjecture is always busy about names of this kind, and ever ready to invent a story to explain the meaning of a forgotten word. It was told to me as an unquestionable fact that the house was built by means of the thrift or frugality of a former owner about the end of the last century, the very name of the thrifty one being mentioned. As, however, the title-deeds show that the place was called Thrift House in the sixteenth century, it was plain that this popular conjecture was wrong, as popular etymologies nearly always are. It is known that the plant stonecrop, or thrift as it was formerly called, was anciently planted on the roofs of houses as a protection from storm and tempest. "It is a common opinion", says Withals in his interesting little "Dictionarie", "that where it groweth on the tyles that house shall not perish, nor bee hurt with the thunder, and hereupon they call it *herba Jovis*". That this superstition was common to the Germanic races may be seen in Grimm's "Teutonic Mythology", in which, amongst various items of German folk-lore, it is mentioned that "stonecrop planted on the roof keeps the thunder-bolt aloof". When I add to this the fact that the stonecrop is still, in some places, planted on the roofs of houses, it will be clear that old Teutonic superstition, and not modern frugality, explains the meaning of Thrift House.

Salter is a puzzling field-name, or rather lane-name, found in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and for aught I know in other counties. It occurs in such compounds as Salter-lane, Salter-gate, Salterforth, Salter-hebble, Salter-sitch. Obviously, in these compounds, it is not the surname Salter, and has no connection with any kind of salt-making, for in Yorkshire a *gate* is a road, and *forth* in many cases seems to have the same meaning. A *hebble* is a narrow plank-bridge, and a *sitch* is a small valley. It has been suggested, with great plausibility, that Salter represents the Old English *seal-tréo*, or sallow-tree. But willows do not grow in sandy moorland lanes, and in the compounds which have been cited Salter is the Old French *sautoir*, Low Latin *saltarium*, a bar of wood laid across a road in such a way that men could easily get over it but animals could not. The bar rested upon two standards, each of which was made in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. The shape is still preserved in modern wooden stiles which are seen in fields where hedges are intersected by footpaths. In this sense the word is now unknown in English, but it is preserved in heraldry as *saltire* or *saltier*. The earlier meaning had been forgotten when Gwillim wrote his "Display of Heraldrie" in 1611. Quoting an older authority, he says that the *saltire* was an engine "made of the height of a man, and was driven full of pinnes; the use whereof was to scale the walles therewith, to which end the pinnes served commodiously". And he quotes Upton, another old writer on heraldry, "who saith it was an engine to catch wild beasts". The *salter* was obsolete, then, in the sixteenth century, but these writers seem to have heard or remembered something of its form. In days when there were few enclosures the *salter* and the *litgate* would be very useful in preventing animals, such as sheep or oxen, from getting into the lanes. In some cases such barriers must have stood at the entrance to small towns or villages,

for Wood, in his history of Eyam in Derbyshire, says that the principal road into that village "was the Lydgate, now called Ligget". He goes on to say that in the last century watch and ward was kept at this gate by night, the villagers taking the duty in turn.

Here and there may be found the names of sacred trees, words which are as rare as they are interesting. In Lancashire and in Derbyshire I have noticed *Selioke*, blessed oak. An ancient family of that name bore oak-leaves on their coat-armour, and I have seen this device on the seals of their deeds as far back as the fifteenth century. Some old progenitor of theirs must have dwelt *atte sēli-ōk*,¹ at or near the blessed oak. We know from the decrees of Burchard of Worms that, as late at least as the eleventh century, the Germanic races used to offer prayers, bread, candles, and other gifts to holy trees. "Bishops and their ministers", says Burchard, "should do their utmost in causing to be cut down and burnt trees consecrated to demons, which the vulgar worship and hold in such veneration that they dare not lop off a single branch or twig". As Christianity advanced in England these sacred trees were cut down or burnt. The field-name Swinnoek (burnt oak) tells a tale of this burning. Such an event would be marked and remembered by the people, and the place where the sacred tree stood would long be pointed out.

I was greatly surprised one day to find in a list of field-names compiled by a surveyor about 1820, a field called St. Igna. This was at Dore in Derbyshire, the place in which, according to the English Chronicle, the Northumbrian host offered allegiance to Egbert, king of the West Saxons. Now this was rather too clever to have been invented by the surveyor; and certainly it was not a fanciful house-name borrowed from a novel. My friends all told me that such an

¹ I follow Stratmann's normalized spelling of Old English.

obscure saint's name could not occur in a remote place at the very edge of the wild and treeless moors, and they said it was a corruption of something. The word, nevertheless, is as genuine as it is interesting. I will not pretend to explain how it was that the worship of St. Ignace was once observed in such a place. His day in the calendar is December 17th, and within the last century people at Blackpool in Lancashire have been known to go "Ignaning" at Christmas-tide.

A good picture of pastoral life in England, as it existed, say, a thousand years ago, may be seen in those numerous field-names which show that sheep, oxen, and goats fed and were sheltered on the hills, whilst the valleys beneath were covered with thick forests in which were the dens or swine-pastures. I have noticed Ox Dale on moorland heights, and few field-names are more frequent, in the northern parts of England at least, than Lamb Hill, Sheep Hill, and Cow Hill, or, as the word is written in surnames, Cowell. That goats were kept and sheltered on the hills may be seen in such names as Hober Hill¹ (goat-hill), Goat's Cliffe, Kid Tor, and in Tickenhall, near Derby, Tickill, in Ecclesfield, and Tickhill, near Bawtry (anciently Ticchenhulle), these words being represented in Old English as *ticcen-hyll*, or *ticchen-hul*, kid-hill. So that Lamb Hill and Kid Hill may be cited as showing that young sheep and goats were kept apart from their sires and dams. Bucka Hill (he-goat-hill) is found near Baslow in Derbyshire. We may compare Harthill and Hartshead, Gateshead (she-goat's hill), Swineshead, Oxhead, Farset (*farres-heafed*, bull's hill), Tykenheved, Manshead (horse-hill?) and Lambheved. Many other examples, such as Gotherage and Hathersage (anciently Haversegge and Hadersegh, the Domesday Hereseige being wrong) might be mentioned, each of these words meaning goat-field, just as *deôrhege* means deer-park,

¹ Hober Hill and Hibberfield near Sheffield are from the Old English *heber*, a he-goat.

or as the Swedish *hastage* means horse-park. We may compare Haver Hill, Haver Storth (he-goat wood), each of which is the Old English *heber*, a he-goat, although of course Haver Croft might be oat-croft. So Hatherley, Hathersley, Hattersley, is he-goat meadow. A very eminent English philologist, to whom I have submitted these remarks, is of opinion that this derivation of Hathersage and Hathersley is wrong. It is, however, certain that the change from *v = f* to *th*, and the converse, is regular and frequent in some dialects, and I do not think that the *s* in Hathersage is an objection to this explanation, for it may be the genitive singular. Manorial court-rolls show abundantly that much attention was paid to the selection and breeding of cattle, and there is evidence, as will have been seen in some of these local names, showing that the sexes were kept separate. The picture here presented of flocks of kids and lambs housed in safety on the hills away from the wolves and wild beasts which haunted the woods below is in strange contrast with the rural England of to-day. We are reminded of the pastoral life of Eastern races and of the words of the Psalmist: "I will take no bullock out of thine house: nor he-goat out of thy folds. For all the beasts of the forest are mine: and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills".

From what has been said it will be obvious that the names of other animals, such as deer, must enter largely into the composition of local names. We may see this in Darlands, sometimes written Darelands and Deer Lands, in Ecclesfield, and in the adjacent Doe Royd, a *royd* being a forest-clearing. *Deôr*, a wild beast, but in these names a deer, is also seen in Darton, which is found in Old English as *deôrtân* (deer-park), and in Darby or Derby.² Speed's map of Derby, 1611, contains an emblematical draw-

² It is possible, however, as Mr. Henry Bradley tells me, that Derby may be from the O.N. personal name *Djuri*.

ing of a deer-park, surrounded by a wooden fence, with a single deer in the middle.

In some field-names we have the clearest evidence of a mixed nationality. Some writers insist strongly upon the unity of the English people, and will not admit that there ever was a time when conquered or old races in these islands lived side by side with their conquerors or with the newer settlers, without intermarrying with them or entering into any kind of social compact. This hypothesis of unity is contradicted by the universal experience of mankind, and in England a survival of tribal exclusiveness may be seen in the Irish quarters of large towns. The Teutonic settler and the Romanized or Latin-speaking Celt, each speaking a language unknown to the other, would not at first intermix, and that they did not intermix is proved by the existence to this day of some curious local names. Wolsh Stubbings, in Ecclesall near Sheffield; Welshman's Croft, one of the large open fields in Hitchin; Walckden in Bradfield, South Yorkshire; Walkmoor in Dore, Walkley near Sheffield, Walkworth near Kimberworth—each of these names is compounded of the old English *weallisc*, *walsche*, foreign, Roman. Wales, a hamlet near Brighton in South Yorkshire, may also be mentioned. I have in several cases noticed the word *barbar* (foreigner), as in Barber Balk,¹ an old line of fortification near Kimberworth. Whether these *wealas*, or foreigners, were Roman colonists or Romanized Celts is uncertain, and may depend upon the circumstances of each particular case. As Barber Balk is called in another part of its course Scotland Balk, we may perhaps conclude that the name refers to an Irish sept known as the Scots, and that the *balk* was intended for a barrier between them and their foes. Tribal rivalry or hostility may have been, as regards some septs at

least, as strongly marked here as in France, where down to the end of the last century an "accursed race", known as Cagots, lived apart from their fellow-men, occupied a separate place in their parish-church, entered that church by a separate door, and received the sacramental wafer at the end of a cleft stick. These people, strange to say, were called in old documents Christians. The late Mr. Thomas Wright thought that such a state of things might once have existed in England, and he pointed to the blocked-up doors to be seen in some churches, and to those openings in chancel-walls, known as squints, through which, it is said, people could see from a particular corner in the church the elevation of the Host.

One local name can sometimes be satisfactorily explained by comparing it with another. Thus Unthank, which is occasionally found in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, may be compared with a field or place in Upper Hallam, near Sheffield, called Lord's Gift. This last-named word implies that a number of squatters settled upon a piece of the waste lands belonging to a manor by the permission or gift of the lord. The exact opposite of this is expressed by Unthank, which means "without permission".

I now come to the most interesting part of my subject. Whilst we are all familiar with the mythology of Greece and Rome, few are acquainted with the fact that in the popular belief of our own ancestors the hills and dales of England were once peopled with sprites and demons, with giants and dwarfs, with wood-maidens and sylvan gods. The decrees of Burchard of Worms, mentioned above, allude especially to certain bewitching nymphs, dwelling amongst the fields and woods, which appeared to their lovers when desired, and vanished at will. Field-names can supply many certain proofs of the former existence in England of a belief in these nymphs. Maiden's Hillock in Dore; Chap Maiden, near Tideswell in Derbyshire; Maiden

¹ *Barbar*, meaning foreigner, is very rare in Old English, but it cannot be a surname here, nor is it equivalent to *toscor*.

Bower in Bedfordshire; Mag Clough (maid-valley), Maggat Lees (maid-meadows) in Holmesfield near Sheffield; Mag Land near Sheffield; Magshaw (maid-wood) between Sheldon and Bakewell; Mag Field in Ecclesall; Magathay at Norton in Derbyshire, meaning maid-croft or lady-croft—these may suffice as examples. With Mag we may compare the Latin *maga*, an enchantress. Nymphs, too, were believed to haunt the wells and streams, as may be seen in Maiden Well, near Louth. With these we may compare Lady Mead, Lady Wood, Lady Croft, Lady Booth, Lady Bower, which are common field-names in England, the word "Lady" being generally, but erroneously, referred to the Blessed Virgin. In Ireland, and in some parts of England, people still speak of fairies in terms of great respect, as "the ladies". Doubtless the "maidens" are in some of these names the three Norns, Fates, or Weird Sisters, and if we compare Maiden's Hillock with Sparken Hill,¹ at Worksop, we shall see that this is so, for Sparken represents the Old Norse *spákona*, a prophetess, and also a Norn. Much light is thrown on this subject by a Latin poem written by a monk named Wolstan, of Winchester, in the tenth century. He tells us that one day a citizen of that place went to visit his farm. Coming home rather late he was met by two dark women. "Come hither, dear brother," they cried; "haste thee, and listen to our words, for we would tell thee something." He ran away in a fright, and the two women pursued him. His terror was increased when a third woman, dwelling on a hill, stopped him. This third nymph struck the poor man to the ground, and then all three disappeared in the waters of the stream.² We thus learn that two of

these nymphs inhabited the stream, whilst the third dwelt on a hill—the Maiden Hillock of our field-names. In South Yorkshire I have often heard the mild oath "By the Mega", and also "By the Meggins", and "By the Macks". These "megs" or "macks" are, I think, the *mags*, Norns, or Weird Sisters who ruled the destinies of men.

We may pursue this part of our subject a little further. A field at Dore, near Sheffield, is now called Cream's Hill. This appears to be Grime's Hill, for the phonetic change from *g* to *c* is common, and Grime (old English *grīma*) was formerly pronounced *greem*. Now *grīma* is a ghost or spectre; but in Old Norse, *grīmr* is the name of a man, and also a name of Odin; it is also, however, the name of a giant, and this, most probably, is the meaning here. In an adjoining village I find in the year 1588 a field called the Grimsell Acre, and a few years later I find the Grimsells in the same village. The word also occurs near Doncaster and in Ecclesfield, but I am unable to offer any explanation of it. With Cream's Hill, or Grime's Hill, we may compare Grime's Graves in Norfolk, meaning the burial-places of giants, as in the Giants Graves of Ireland, and the tombs known as Giants' Chambers of Denmark. A hamlet adjoining Grimesthorpe in South Yorkshire was formerly called Skin-thorpe, but is now known as Skinner-thorpe. This name might be connected with the Old Norse *skinnari*, a Skinner. A trade-name, however, seems an unlikely explanation of this ancient word, and I think it is most probably derived from the Old English *scinere*, a wizard or magician, or even from *scin*, a ghost or phantom. The unintelligible wonders of Nature always beget feelings of superstition amongst half-civilized people. The appearance of *ignis fatuus* is still to the peasantry a matter of terrible alarm; and I remember a poor old man being almost frightened out of his wits by some boys who, concealed

¹ The Ordnance Maps give a Sparkinson's Spring on the moors above Dore, near Sheffield. No such surname as Sparkinson appears to exist.

² See the story related at length in Bright's "Celt, Roman, and Saxon," ed. 1885, p. 341.

behind some bushes, exploded crackers and other fireworks in a dark wood through which he had to pass.

In hilly districts giants appear largely amongst the local names, as Giant's Hole near Castleton, Giant's Face in Ashover, Giant's Chair and An Kirk (giant's church) in Dore. As Jacob Grimm points out, curious old buildings are ascribed to giants or heathens, and even of Tristan's cave of love it was said that *etenes* (giants) in old days had wrought it. And as "there were giants in the earth in those days" so also there were dwarfs. Dwariden (*dweorga denu*) in Bradfield, South Yorkshire, is the valley of dwarfs, a place which may be compared with the valley of the giants to which the children of Benjamin came.

A frequent, and of course an ancient, field-name is Tom, which is the Old German *tomte*, a home-sprite. In South Yorkshire, when children are naughty the nurses say that Tom Dockin will fetch them, and I have in this county heard of a being called Tom of the Wood. Dockin is the same as Dickin, an old word for the Devil. Amongst field-names I have noticed Tom Hill, Tom Lane, Tom Field, Tom Wood, Tom Cross, Tom's Cross. All these words must refer to a home-sprite, or supernatural being, perhaps to Tom Dockin himself, who is described as a frightful goblin having iron teeth with which he devours bad children.

The careful observer will find that woods, fields, hills, and other natural objects are often named after the saints of the Christian calendar. In most, if not all, of these cases the saint is either a heathen god or demigod received at length, under a new name, into the calendar, or else the name of a Christian saint has usurped the place of some sacred being of the old mythology. The Church might think that there was little harm in retaining the names of giants or dwarfs, and the worship, or the fear, of woodmaiden or Norn passed by

easy stages to that of the Blessed Mary, or other personages of the Christian drama. This fact will explain such names as Anthony Hill, Stephen Hill, Simon Hill, Andrew Wood, Peter Wood, Hail Mary Wood, Lawrence Field, Martin Field, and a host of others each of which has usurped the place of some pagan deity of the woods and fields.

The country-side loses much of its charm when the old field-names are forgotten or changed. In remote districts where the peasantry are little influenced by the outside world these names are handed down unchanged from one generation to another. A lengthened observation of the subject has convinced me that these interesting words are far less corrupt than is often supposed. It is so difficult to account for some of them, and so easy to say that they are wrong! The compilers of our Ordnance Maps have many sins to answer for, of which one example will suffice. Some weird rocks in Bradfield have been known for ages as Hurling Stones. They appear on the Ordnance Maps as Herculean Stones! A happy thought, truly, but this great hero of pagan mythology was known amongst our English forefathers as Helcol; and Hurling Stones merely means sloping stones, being derived from the Old English *hurklen*.

Many Old English words once in common use have not been preserved amongst the remains of our literature, though they may often be found in the Old Norse or other cognate tongues. In this respect the field-name, especially when it is explained by dialect, may supply the most useful philological facts. For example, there is a place on Bradfield moors called Howden Chest. This word "chest" had long puzzled me and others, until one day I made it out. On that day a Bradfield farmer said to me that there was "a great chest of hills running across those moors". Now I had heard of a chest of drawers, but a chest of mountains was a new thing. He simply meant

a row of hills, and I have ascertained that a verb *chess*, meaning to arrange in order, or to pile up, exists in the dialect of the district. Howden Chest is a row of small hills intersecting the moors.

One parish may contain quite a cluster of Old Norse field-names, while another parish, only a few miles distant, may not possess a single field-name which can be traced to that source. A range of hills may break the continuity of dialect, and it may also have divided one old settlement, or set of squatters, from another. The village of Dore, already mentioned in this article, contains old Norse names with a frequency which leads to the conclusion that its early inhabitants were of Scandinavian origin. In the field-name Standing Stones we may see the narrow *bautastene*, or memorial stones, of Denmark and Sweden. In Lenny Hill we have the Swedish *lena*, a tumulus or mound, a word which, says Ihre, "though not now in common use, yet remains amongst the names of towns and churches (*templa*), every one of which, as I have noticed, stands on high ground". In the little grass fields called Teppy Lands or Tippy Lands we have the Swedish *tæppa*, a little field enclosed on all sides. Catty Croft (a somewhat common field-name), which is now the grave-yard at Dore, is the Swedish *kätte*, a pen for lambs in a sheepfold, though strange to say it also means a cradle, bed, and tomb. No field-name is more common in Dore than Lym, which appears in the maps and surveys as Limb. A pretty valley called the Lym has, for a time at least, lost that name in favour of the newly-coined title of Ryecroft Glen. How strange that people, who think by using the word "glen" to throw an air of poetic fancy over the scene, should cast aside one of the most sweet-sounding names in romantic

literature! For was it not in Hlymdale that the great Norse hero Sigurd went wooing to Brynhild as she sat in her bower with her maidens "over-laying cloth with gold, and sewing therein the great deeds which Sigurd had wrought, the slaying of the Worm and the taking of the wealth of him"?

Perhaps it need hardly be said that it would be unsafe to attempt the etymology of a field-name without first seeing the field itself, because, in the majority of cases, the name is derived from some natural object. Where the word has been obtained from an old terrier, survey, or deed, this is not always possible, yet by the help of the Tithe Commutation Maps we may often identify the most curious local names. These names, indeed, have clung to the soil through many centuries with extraordinary tenacity, and the old country people, if left to themselves, hand them down with faithful precision. Changes in the systems of husbandry, the abolition of old tenures, and the enclosure of commons have swept many of them away. Still a great number have been left, and if we could collect the field-names of a whole county we should be able to see by comparison that many of these words, which are supposed to be inexplicable corruptions, are real words which once had a well-understood meaning. My experience is that personal names are a smaller element in field-names than is commonly supposed.

That this study is not without interest and historical value will be seen from what has been said on the evidences of old religious belief which may be found in field-names, to say nothing of the quaint and curious glimpses of old country life and forgotten customs which many of these words reveal to us.

S. O. ADDY.

Yours truly
S. O. Addy

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